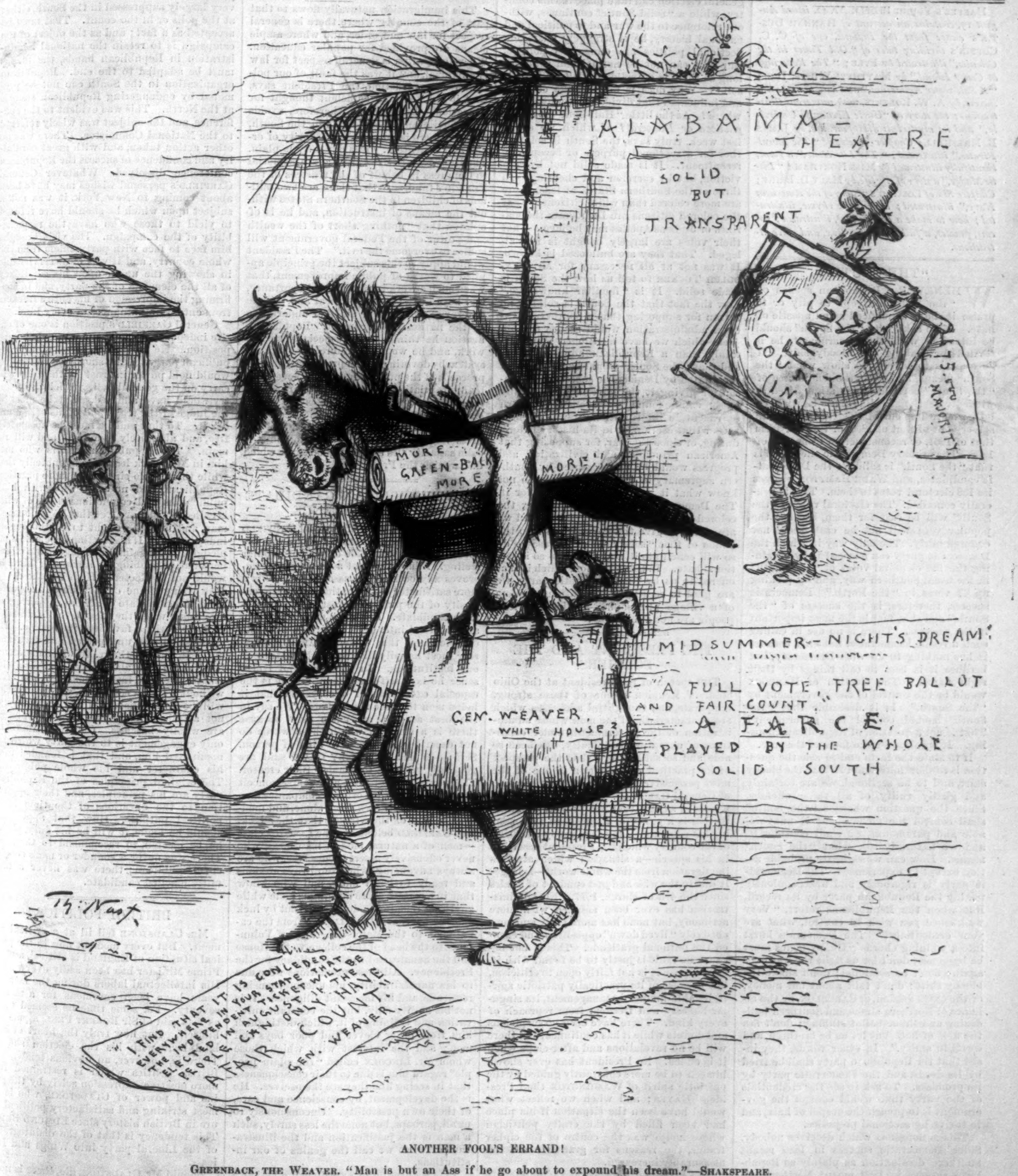
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 1235.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1880. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1880, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


ALABAMA—THEATRE
SOLID BUT TRANSPARENT
FULLY COUNT IN.
FRAUD
75,000 MAJORITY.
MORE GREEN-BACK MORE MORE!
GEN. WEAVER, WHITE HOUSE?
MIDSUMMER—NIGHT'S DREAM:
"A FULL VOTE, FREE BALLOT AND FAIR COUNT."
A FARCE, PLAYED BY THE WHOLE SOLID SOUTH
I FIND THAT IT IS CONCEDED EVERYWHERE IN YOUR STATE THAT THE INDEPENDENT TICKET WILL BE ELECTED IN AUGUST IF THE PEOPLE CAN ONLY HAVE A FAIR COUNT." GEN. WEAVER.
Th: Nast,

ANOTHER FOOL'S ERRAND!

GREENBACK, THE WEAVER. "Man is but an Ass if he go about to expound his dream."—SHAKSPEARE.

N.B.—He will now go to Maine to hold a consultation with Dr. GARCELON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 28, 1880.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW STORY.

The first chapter of "Asphodel," *a new serial story by* Miss Braddon, *one of the most popular of living novelists, will be found in this Number of* Harper's Weekly.

NEW STORY BY MARY CECIL HAY.

A serial story, entitled "Missing!" *by this popular novelist, will begin in* Harper's Bazar *No.* 36, *published August* 20.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No.* 42, *issued August* 17, *contains an account of* Hannah Dustin's *escape from the Indians, one of* C. C. Coffin's *thrilling tales of* "*Old Times in the Colonies,*" *illustrated by* Pyle; "*The Roverings at Coney Island,*" *by* Matthew White, Jun.; "*A Salt-water Aquarium,*" *and how to make it a success, by* A. W. Roberts, *with numerous illustrations; the story of* "*Uncle Ebenezer's Umbrella,*" *and its mysterious disappearance, by* James B. Marshall; *Chapter Twelve of* "*The Moral Pirates,*" *illustrated;* "*The Idle Hour,*" *a poem, beautifully illustrated by* Miss Northam; "*Little Madge,*" *a story of city life, by* Mary D. Brine; *Chapter Six of* Lossing's "*Story of the American Navy,*" *illustrated; a nonsense rhyme, illustrated; how to make a toy life-boat, illustrated; poems, puzzles, a full Post-office Box, and other attractions.*

"THE SOUTH."

WHENEVER a Republican speaks of "the South," except to pity or to praise it, he is denounced as an apostle of hate. If he asks why "the South" should be intrusted with the government, he is reviled for shaking the bloody shirt. If he appeals to history to show what "the South" means, and what the dominance of "the South" portends, he is stigmatized as wickedly sectional. But "the South" can be no more left out of this campaign than slavery out of that of 1860, or the war from that of 1864, or reconstruction from that of 1868. The primary Democratic allegation is that "the South" is solid for the Democratic candidates, and Wade Hampton pledges its 138 electoral votes to them. This is generally conceded. The electoral vote of "the South" will be cast for them, because the popular vote will not be cast freely nor counted fairly. The only way in which the Democratic party can succeed is by obtaining the 138 electoral votes of "the South" in the usual Southern way, and by picking up 47 votes in "the North." Democratic success, therefore, is the success of "the South," and that fact is the most important in the canvass. There is no use in calling such a result Democratic, not only because it has nothing to do with Democracy, but because it is best to call things by their right names. The election of Hancock would be the control of the government by "the South." Is it desirable that "the South" should control the government? That is not a question of Republican choosing. It is raised by the facts of the case.

If to state the facts and to ask the question is to show hate, and to shake the bloody shirt, and to be sectional, we are certainly and gladly guilty of all those offenses. Since the question whether "the South" shall control the government is unavoidable and paramount, we shall consider it, and we naturally ask what "the South" means. How can we estimate probable action except by experience? The Democratic party is rigorously and unscrupulously testing the Republican party by its record. But when the Republicans retort, "Very well, since you wish to control, what are your credentials?" The Democrats burst into a whining chorus, "Oh, by-gones must be by-gones; don't let us fight the war over again; don't be sectional; don't shake the bloody shirt; don't talk about fiat money, or the extra session, or Garcelon, or the alliance of Northern slums and Southern bulldozing and tissue-ballot stuffing; don't fan the fires of hate, but let us be brethren, and dwell in amity." In other words, they insist that the Republican party shall be tried by its deeds, and the Democratic party by its promises. To ask to see the credentials of the party that would control the government is to preach the gospel of hate, and to thrive by sectional prejudice.

This is nonsense which deceives nobody. Since Democratic success in 1880 means Southern domination as plainly as Republican success in 1860 meant Northern supremacy, the relevant inquiry is whether the objects which good citizens desire will be attained more probably under Southern control. That question can be answered intelligibly only by inquiring what "the South" means. It can not be answered by not asking. If a man seeks to be trusted with a ship, the owner will certainly inquire who he is and what he has done. If the traditions and principles and spirit and tendency and acts of "the South" have been such as to promise sounder financial policy, surer correction of the corruption of patronage, wiser taxation, greater security of equal rights, diminution of sectional feeling, and vigorous suppression of fraud and violence at the polls than are probable under Republican ascendency, then "the South" may be safely called to administer the government, but not otherwise. How is this to be ascertained but by inquiry? And what is more absurd than to call such inquiry preaching hate and shaking the bloody shirt? If anybody supposes that a general election can take place in this country, while a "solid South" continues, without reference to the war and to political and national history, he is strangely mistaken. Sectional politics are dangerous politics. Our own can not be normal and sound so long as there is a "solid South." Why is it solid? Why does it not feel the currents and influences that divide the country elsewhere? As the little "Half-hour" book, *Republican or Democrat?* of which we spoke last week, truly says, the South is solid either for a sectional purpose or because of resentment. It is made solid not by conviction, but by coercion and cheating. In three of the Southern States at least there are more colored than white citizens. That the colored citizens are Democrats the marines or Judæus Apelles may believe. That their votes are largely bought is not alleged. That they are bulldozed is known. It was not at all necessary for Mr. Randolph Tucker to tell us how the South is made solid. It is "familiar knowledge." Now the fact that the South is solid is no reason for supposing that a Southern-Hancock administration would secure the objects which we have mentioned more certainly than a Republican administration, and that "the South" would be appeased or conciliated by Democratic success is no reason for giving it the government. If any reason can be found in the tone of Southern sentiment, in the traditional political theories of that section, or in its history before, during, or since the war, for supposing that American principles and civilization and progress would be more assured by Southern supremacy in public affairs, we do not know what it is nor where to look for it. The Democratic party by suppressing the colored vote makes a "solid South," and we are asked to give the government into the hands of that "solid South" because to do so will conciliate it, and not to do so is sectional hate. In this situation, which is that offered to us by the Democratic party, we are glad to recall the sententious wisdom of a village philosopher—"The American people are not a fool."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SOLDIERS.

The speech of the President at the Ohio Soldiers' Reunion is one of those strong, temperate, and thoughtful addresses which are characteristic of the man whose administration of the government, under conditions of exceptional difficulty, has been so able and so satisfactory that the prospect of its practical continuation is one of the most persuasive arguments for the election of General Garfield. Mr. Schurz was not wrong in saying that the present administration is a powerful Republican argument in this campaign; and the happy situation of the country which the President describes in his speech—a situation which attracts immigration from the whole world—is largely due to the wise and just conduct of affairs since the 4th of March, 1877. No Administration has ever been assailed with more acrimony, but none has more truly and conclusively "lived down" opposition, and earned the national gratitude. This is not because no fault is justly to be found with it, nor because it is not fairly open to criticism, but because of its practically patriotic spirit, its able financial management, its singular honesty and freedom from reproach of every kind. There have been no suspicions and doubts while it has continued, and there will be no revelations and after-claps when it is ended. No President has ever shown himself to be more constantly guided by the patriotic spirit of Washington than President Hayes; and when we reflect what would have been the situation if his place had been filled by the crafty politician whose house was the centre of the cipher frauds, the reasons for gratitude are immeasurably increased.

The President's speech at Columbus was very brief, and aimed to emphasize a fact which illustrates the advantages conferred upon the country by the result of the war, and which is a signal proof of its prosperity, namely, the course of immigration. The motive of emigration is the prospect of greater benefit. The war of course checked immigration. The failure of the national cause would have stopped it. But its success tempts the world to our shores. The President well says:

> "Only one of the great nations is in no danger of losing its capital and labor and skill by emigration. We find only one which by immigration is gaining rapidly in numbers, wealth, and power. All are losing by this cause except the United States. The United States alone is gaining. Other nations see their people going, going. We see from every quarter the people of other countries coming, coming, coming. There is one flag, and in all the world only one, whose protection good men and women born under it will never willingly leave. There is one flag, and only one in the world, whose protecting folds good men and women, born under every other flag that floats under the whole heavens, are eagerly and gladly seeking. That flag, so loved at home, so longed for by millions abroad, is the old flag under which we marched to save what in our soldier days we were fond of calling 'God's country.'"

This immigration naturally flows to that part of the country where there is general respect for law and order, and where ample means are provided for popular education. Where education is general, respect for law is universal, and it was the fault of our policy of reconstruction, the President says, that it did not take sufficient thought for education. Immigration, therefore, avoids even fertile and cheap lands in the South, because there is no sufficient security of order and education. But our duty is plain. The Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, in a late memorial to Congress in behalf of the trustees of the Peabody fund, says that there are two millions of children in the Southern States without the means of instruction, and he is of opinion that "nothing short of the wealth and power of the Federal government will suffice to overcome the evil." The President would apply to this subject the principle applied to works of public improvement, that when such a work is of national importance, and beyond the means of local and private enterprise, it should be aided or undertaken by the national government. Popular education he thinks to be especially such a work, and he would therefore aid the local system by devoting, under proper safeguards, proceeds of the public lands, or, if necessary, by appropriations from the Treasury. The tone of the speech, as becomes the Chief Magistrate of the Union, is patriotic and national in the highest degree, while the address itself is another illustration of the calm sagacity and singular good sense which distinguish the President.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE AND CONFERENCE.

The recent journey of General Garfield to New York and his return to Ohio was the occasion of a remarkable display of popular feeling. Admitting that a crowd gladly improves any occasion to assemble, there is a more satisfactory explanation than mere curiosity of the public interest in the Republican candidate. It is not a merely partisan and political interest. It springs from the consciousness that General Garfield's career most happily illustrates the nature of our institutions. In the best and truest sense he is a self-made man, and it is the especial excellence of our system that it helps men to make themselves. We say in the best sense a self-made man, because there is a sense in which those words do not describe an attractive kind of person. Self-made men, as Henry Clapp said, are generally very apt to worship their creator. There is a kind of rank and coarse conceit and ignorance which often accompanies men who rise by their own force alone, and modesty is one of the virtues that they lack. But Garfield belongs to the Lincoln class—men of a natural modest manliness, who never offensively assert themselves, who are always advancing, who are always anxious and ready to learn more, and who know that in a certain sense nothing is done while anything remains to do. It was not by luck and chance that Garfield rose from the canal-boat to the Major-Generalcy of Volunteers, to the head of the college, to the House and the Senate, and to the candidacy for the Presidency. All these promotions were due to his natural ability, his uncompromising rectitude, and his incessant diligence. It is not his ability only, but the constant cultivation and training of it, which distinguish him from other clever and poor boys and men; and the interest with which those whom Mr. Lincoln called "the plain people" regard him is due to their consciousness that in seeing him they see themselves. He is the development, by conscience and care, of their own possibility. Unconsciously to us all, perhaps, but none the less surely, such a man is the justification and the illustration of what we call the genius of our institutions.

It is a question of expediency whether a Presidential candidate should travel during the campaign. There was a time when it was thought to be highly indecorous even for a candidate for the Governor's chair to speak or to take any active public part in the canvass. This feeling has largely disappeared concerning every position but that of the Presidency. One of the most mortifying parts of the Tilden canvass four years ago was the candidate's open management of his own campaign. His house was the centre of criminal and swindling intrigues, and, so far as the personal interference of the candidate is concerned, it was the most degrading canvass in our political history. But an assembly of party leaders for comparison of views and honorable mutual understanding is not open to censure. The debate in the conference was upon the course to be pursued in the Southern States, and Mr. Blaine's speech was cogent and conclusive. The way to carry Florida in November is to carry Maine in September. Success in Indiana will make Louisiana more probable. The colored vote is and will be very largely suppressed in the South, either at the polls or in the count. That must be accepted as a fact; and as the object of the campaign is to retain the national administration in Republican hands, the means must be adapted to the end. Republican organization in the South can not be promoted by endangering Republican success at the North. This was evident to the conference, and the subject was wisely referred to the National Committee. There was no other action taken, and with great cordiality and confidence of success the Republican conference dissolved. Whatever General Garfield's personal wishes may have been about coming to New York, it was not a subject upon which he should have refused to yield to those who have the responsibility of the campaign. His visit brought him face to face with party chiefs from the whole country, and it was most serviceable in showing the union upon his candidacy of all the elements of the party, and in confirming the impression of his entire freedom from entangling alliances of every kind.

General Garfield's position is one of entire independence. That is the only honest position. He is the candidate of the Republican party. If he should be elected, he would hold power in trust for that party to carry on the general policy which the country would have affirmed. But he must be the judge of the trust, and of his action under it. To that end he must be absolutely free, and absolutely free he is and will remain. The Republican leaders who met him in New York learned undoubtedly that while there is no sincerer or more practical Republican, and no man who with high public aims and convictions is less of what is called a visionary, yet that he is no man's man, and is, as he ought to be, thoroughly independent. If his election depended upon pledges, or bargains, or engagements of any personal, or jobbing, or intriguing kind, he would not be elected. He is not the candidate of any clique or division in the party. He is the candidate of all the supporters of other men when they found the nomination of their various favorites impossible. His nomination was unexpected and spontaneous. It was not the result of "understandings" and trade and dicker and discipline and pledges and instructions. It was made without a single condition, and his election will be accomplished in the same way, or not at all. All rumors of secret pledges are wholly baseless. General Garfield's only engagement is to the party which has nominated him, and that is founded upon his character and his whole public life. The original principles of the Republican party are his principles, and their application to the questions of the time is his political purpose. How that application should be made, it will be his duty, should he be elected, to recommend to Congress. There was never a sounder or more consistent Republican; there was never a more untrammelled candidate.

BRITISH POLITICS.

Mr. Gladstone fell ill at a critical moment. But every moment now in the political situation of England is critical, and the Prime Minister has been sadly overworked. His intellectual labors during the last two years have been enormous for a man of seventy. For some time he seemed to be, as was said of Sir Robert Peel, a party by himself. But how truly the heart of England beat with his the election showed. There is, however, an obvious tendency in British politics which is restrained from more positive expression solely by the genius and power of Gladstone, who is the most striking and satisfactory political figure in British history since Edmund Burke. This tendency is that of the disintegration of the Liberal party into Whigs and Radicals.

Should Mr. Gladstone die, there is no influence, which we can see, in England, which could prevent an almost immediate division. The Whigs are patricians, and they are united with the Radicals, not by principles or convictions, but by a common opposition to the Tories. But the Whigs merely wish to control administration upon the same general principles as the Tories. The Radicals desire a great deal more. The Whigs contemplate no essential changes. The vote in the House of Lords upon the Irish bill shows the Whig jealousy of innovation. But the Radicals are essentially aggressive. Mr. Gladstone's great knowledge, his perfect rectitude, and his comprehensive genius for affairs make him the bond of present power and advantage between these divisions of the Liberal party. Yet with all his great qualifications Mr. Gladstone is not what is called a good "leader," as Palmerston was a good leader. He does not avoid upon minor points irritations which injure action upon vital issues. It is, in a word, a defect of tact.

But it is easy to criticise by an ideal standard. In the conduct of a great Minister, the governing head of England, we see what is done, but not what is resisted. How often the inadequate thing done is the only thing possible to do we can not know. Certainly when Mr. Gladstone leaves the scene—far be the day!—he will leave no successor. Many parts of the present alliance called the Liberal party may not like him, and may denounce certain of his acts and words and policies, but he unites them all, and without him the Liberal party would fall asunder. This should not be surprising. It is the fate which always attends a liberal or progressive party. The conservatives are indivisible because they merely stand still and hold on; but while the party of progress moves, it moves with unequal steps, and at last it is separated. Probably no man sees this more clearly than Mr. Gladstone, and this is one of the burdens that he has to bear.

EDMUND KIRKE'S "LIFE OF GARFIELD."

The *Life of General Garfield*, by Edmund Kirke, which the Harpers have just issued in the "Franklin Square Library," is the story of a remarkable career, told with a warmth and skill which make it singularly fascinating. It tells in detail why Garfield is so attractive to the popular heart—a fact upon which we comment elsewhere, in speaking of his recent visit to New York. Allowing for the effusion of admiration and for the necessities of a "campaign life," the story of Garfield is still the inspiring story of the poor American boy rising, by opportunities open to all American boys, to the high distinction of his present position.

The biography describes in graphic detail the early industry and self-dependence of the carpenter's boy, and the dry-salter, and the farm hand, and the canal-boat boy, and of the diligently studious boy through all. It takes him to the academy, where he sweeps and rings the bell, steadily on to the college, to the head of the academy, and to the lawyer's office. It goes with him into the field, where his singular ability was at once manifest, and traces his rapid promotion to a Major-Generalcy, through campaigns peculiarly romantic and heroic. It attends him to the House of Representatives, to the Senate, and to the nominating Convention. Everywhere and always, through all chances and changes, he is still the same honest, earnest, diligent, advancing boy and man, inspiring the strongest confidence and admiration. It is plain why his radical political opponents speak of him with a warmth of friendship from which even party exigency will not drive them.

The biography is greatly enhanced in value by the copious selections from the speeches which show General Garfield's opinions upon all great public questions. These are his platform. The views are those of a true American patriot and statesman, and are those, also, of the great mass of intelligent and patriotic men in the country. The reader feels that under an administration of which this man should be the head the national progress would be advanced in every good direction, and that nothing which has been gained would be lost. General Garfield is a party man, and he acknowledges party conditions and methods. But he is an independent party man, and holds the purpose of the party to be paramount. He did not hesitate to vote alone against his whole party in Congress when his conscience commanded; and it is because of such men as Garfield, and because he is its candidate, that his party commands the confidence of the country. There can be no more interesting campaign document than this life. Every club in the country can most wisely distribute it; for the more widely the candidate and his character, his career and his opinions, are known, the more certain is his election.

REPUBLICANISM.

We trust that the National Committee will publish and widely circulate the speech recently delivered in Cincinnati by Mr. Stanley Matthews in reply to Judge Hoadly, who had represented, a day or two before, the Democratic view of the "Fraud of 1876." Mr. Matthews's speech was one which from its nature should be read consecutively, and it is a very powerful and conclusive exposure of the great Democratic humbug of "fraud"—a humbug so gross that the party, despite Mr. Tilden's piteous plea, has generally dropped it.

That there were fraud and violence in the election of 1876, and enough, perhaps, to determine the result, is incontestable. But that the ciphering and bulldozing Democrats were the body-guard of virtue is merely an amusing proposition. The snarl was undone in the only possible peaceful way, and every sensible man is satisfied and rejoiced. But Mr. Matthews's speech should be read by every one who would refresh his recollection of the events of the time. Its racy vigor is delightful.

At the close Mr. Matthews, in a lofty and eloquent strain, contrasted the Republican with the Democratic party, which Judge Hoadly had praised as the party of civilization. We invite our readers to weigh every word of this extract:

> "In my opinion there is enshrined in the body-politic of the Republican organization all there is good in our present political situation [great applause], and all the mischief and all the danger is in the Democratic party. [Applause.] To my mind, the Republican party embodies now, as it always has done, the great idea of our nationality [cheers], and I spell the word 'nation' with the biggest 'N.' [Laughter and applause.] All there is in the unity of this people, all there is in the fraternity of these races that are to inhabit, and cultivate, and civilize this continent, is in its keeping. The keeping of this nation in its own integrity, and unity, and greatness, and power, and glory, and in the idea of its nationality, is carried out by that political party which has upheld its banners and defended its flag and preserved its Constitution. In that, to me, lie the hopes of the world as they are to be developed on this continent. [Great applause.]
>
> "There is one other idea that is not second to that, but that is subsidiary to it, and that is that it is a great nation, intent upon the preservation of its nationality for the purpose of developing the individual men and women who live under it to be gods on the earth, reflecting the glory of their Creator. [Loud applause.] It is that they may be free, not because liberty is the end, but the means to morality, and virtue, and religion. It acts upon the principle which constitutes the definition of civil justice: render to each man his own, giving to every man that liberty only which is consistent with the right and liberty equally of every other, so that all men shall have an equal chance in the race of life—there is no chance—shall have the opportunity to develop the gifts which God has given them, without let or hinderance; shall be equal before the law; shall stand in the majesty of human nature before the government, with equal respect, whether he be rich or poor, whether he be great or small, whether he be learned or ignorant, whether he be white or black. [Applause.] And I shall never be satisfied, my tongue will never be idle, until there is recognized throughout the length and breadth of the land, through every State, and in spite of State limitations and State prohibitions, the right of every citizen of the United States, no matter where he was born or bred, to migrate to any other State, there to live and dwell and exercise his civil, political, and personal right and privileges, with no man to molest or make him afraid. [Prolonged applause.] And if my government, my nation, is not to-day strong enough to make the weakest of its citizens equal in strength to the strongest of his oppressors, then I will add power to power and strength to strength until its energy is felt by every tyrant in the land. [Applause.] And it is because the Republican party represents to me those ideas that I am proud and honored to be called a Republican [cheers]—a Black Republican, if you choose. [Laughter and cheers.] And I set my face as flint against every host that combats, denies, or abridges those ideas." (Cheers.)

That is Republicanism as honest Republicans understand it; and it is not Democracy, according to the words and deeds of Democrats.

A PLEA FOR THE PURITAN.

A brilliant, eloquent, and suggestive discourse was delivered on the 5th of August at the eighth annual festival of the Wyoming Pioneer Association, in the western part of New York, by Mr. Charles E. Fitch, editor of the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*. Mr. Fitch has distinguished himself by various literary and historical addresses, but he has done nothing better than this Wyoming oration. It takes a comprehensive survey of "Migration and Development," touching swiftly and vividly the progress and dispersion of the races down to the settlement of this continent. Proceeding to the colonization of Western New York, only a hundred years ago, the orator alludes to the diversity of national stock and of religious faith which marked the settlement of the State, and at once accepts the challenge of recent New York discussion, and vindicates the controlling force of the Puritan genius in American development.

Mr. Fitch is the most loyal of native New-Yorkers, and abates no imperial claim of his State. But he is also an American and a Son of Liberty, and he finds in "that resolute British stock which has been the leader in the cause of human rights for three centuries" the "very heart" of the life of the community which he addresses. The orator pays a just tribute of recognition to Messrs. Seymour, Campbell, Roberts, North, Hutchins, and others, who on behalf of New York have recently gallantly questioned the claim of New England to the primacy of influence, and he shows his complete familiarity with the facts and the argument.

This is a most striking and interesting part of the address, and the argument is conducted not only with brilliancy and conclusiveness, but with perfect candor and good taste. We can not, in a brief allusion, quote any of the passages which we should select, but we hope that the discourse may have a more permanent form than that of the newspaper in which it is published. Mr. Fitch does not forget the "Granary of America" and the "Garden of the Country" in which he speaks, and his description of it is admirable and instructive. He includes within the area of "Western New York" fourteen counties, or the State west of the Lake of Cayuga, with 800,000 inhabitants, and his statistical details of its industry, its education and enterprise and character, are inspiring. It is by precisely such discourses that the lofty spirit of a people is maintained, and if the New England genius is pervasive and powerful, it is because of that kind of local pride and sturdy self-reliance of which the disposition to honor their own history and their own ancestors and heroes is an illustration, and which inspires such assemblies as those of the Wyoming Pioneer Association, and such addresses as this of Mr. Fitch.

TIMELY WORDS.

The late Alumni address of Mr. Edward L. Pierce at Brown University has just been published by S. S. Rider in Providence. It is an admirable and vigorous and fearless exposition of the public and social duties of the college graduate, and it well deserves the attention of every American who believes that public duties and political life are not necessarily degrading. It is precisely, as Mr. Pierce points out, the manly and honorable quality which the best education fosters that our politics most need, and we observe with great satisfaction that he attributes the general low tone of politics to its true cause.

The orator said, truly and plainly:

> "No subject of national politics requires so much the attention of educated men to-day as the reconstruction of our civil service upon the principles of enlightened statesmanship. For the first forty years of our history under the Constitution, that service depended on personal integrity and fitness, and not upon political opinion. But with President Jackson civil service and partisan service became synonymous, and so they have remained to this day. While the nation has in other respects made remarkable advances in methods of administration, here its movement has been retrograde, and we have fallen far behind the progress of other civilized nations."

After citing the case of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt as an illustration of the situation, he proceeded:

> "Thus it has come to pass that the immense force of revenue officers, postmasters, marshals, and deputies, who are by law and every rational theory of government the servants of the whole public, have become the servants of one party, and still more the servants of individual partisans. Fifty thousand or more office-holders, whose duties do not concern political opinion, are subject to dismissal with new administrations and new Senators. Witness the natural effect of all this on the tone of public life. On the one hand, the officer who ought to be the honorable representative of his government and people is degraded to be the subservient, parasitical agent of a partisan chief; and on the other, public men expect to hold their places, not by their services and principles, the policies they have upheld, the measures they have devised or carried, but by their skill in manipulating caucuses, and maintaining a compact body of political dependents. How under such a system can self-respect and efficiency and character prevail in the civil service? How under such a training can there be honor, wisdom, magnanimity, and disinterested patriotism in statesmen?"

Speaking of this subject in his own college to his fellow-alumni, Mr. Pierce naturally paid a warm and eloquent tribute to that son of Brown, "the earliest, ablest, and most persistent advocate of civil service reform in Congress, Thomas Allen Jenckes." The oration was delivered to scholars and to college graduates, who are not a very imposing body to the gentlemen who delight to call themselves practical politicians, and to "run wid de masheen." But it is such clear and trenchant statements and appeals that make the public opinion which politicians and "masheens" obey. The thought of to-day is the policy of to-morrow. This year's whisper in the college will be next year's law in the caucus.

THAT WICKED RETURNING BOARD.

The Democrats have denounced the Louisiana Returning Board as the most iniquitous of institutions, a mere legal device for monstrous fraud, unconstitutional and wicked. There are a great many persons who have been persuaded by Democratic declamation that the Louisiana Returning Board was the means of defrauding the country of a rightful result at the last election. But the Democrats have been in complete possession of Louisiana for three years. They have, of course, repealed this wicked law? Far from it. They were in power in the State in 1872, and they made the law more stringent. They are in power now, and the law is unrepealed. Like many laws passed to protect the oppressed, it may be enforced so as to increase oppression. The Louisiana Returning Board was a Republican device to protect bulldozed districts. It will now be used by Democrats to annul Republican majorities. The virtuous horror affected by Democrats was a campaign trick. The Democratic Returning Board will do its share in making the South "solid" by throwing out Republican majorities wherever they shall seem to throw doubt upon the result. We shall hear no more from Democrats of the appalling wickedness of the Returning Board.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent's assertion that a statuette in the Metropolitan Museum of Art had been tampered with, and made to represent Venus by the carving of a mirror in the left hand of the figure, is met by an emphatic denial of the charge by General Di Cesnola. The repairer employed by the Museum, who was spoken of by Mr. Feuardent in his published article as having admitted that he had developed certain obscure lines in the statuette so as to make a perfect mirror, is Mr. Charles Balliard. This gentleman said to a representative of the press: "I never told Mr. Feuardent that I had been ordered to develop certain lines on the statuette, or that I had done so. The mirror was always on the figure, so far as I know. It was crusted with dirt, which I removed, but there was no carving done of any kind. The mirror was perfectly plain when it was given into my hands." This would seem to dispose very effectually of Mr. Feuardent's charge against the management of the Museum.

—The study of folk-lore continues to be actively prosecuted in Italy. Nerucci, the collector and editor of the "Sessanta Novelle Popolari Montalesi," will shortly publish an appendix to that collection. Professor Camparetti, of Florence, has in the press two volumes of *Sardinian Tales*, and one volume of *Tales from Certaldo*, Boccaccio's birth-place.

—It is said that M. Jules Verne is about to visit the province of Oran, in Algeria, in order to explore the marble quarries at Kieber. He hopes to collect the necessary materials for a work to be entitled *A Journey to the Land of Marble.*

—A manuscript of the Gospels, written on purple parchment in silver ink, and adorned with miniatures, was recently discovered in Calabria by Messrs. O. von Gebhardt and A. Harnack. A set of reproductions of the miniatures has just been published at Leipsic, and a collation of the text is promised. The MS. contains St. Matthew and St. Mark. The discoverers would fix as early a date as the end of the fifth century or beginning of the sixth for both the miniatures and the text.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury follows the Scriptural injunction of going into the highways and hedges for his guests. He recently entertained 600 of the poorer people at Lambeth, and sent each visitor away with a bunch of beautiful flowers.

—Mr. Thomas Hughes is, it is announced, preparing a memorial notice of Mr. Tom Taylor, in which will be found details of his early career of some interest in themselves, and revealing a side of his character hardly to be suspected by those who knew him only in his later time.

—M. De Lesseps was invited a short time ago, while staying at the Château de Quincampoix, in Belgium, to go to the capital and dine with King Leopold. He accepted, and set out at once. When he reached the railway station in Brussels, a superb aide-de-camp led him to a platform in front of which two royal carriages were waiting. "The first one is for you, and the second for your suite," said the officer. "Where is the suite?" "This is all the suite that I have with me," answered M. De Lesseps, pointing to his little daughter, whom he was leading; "and there"—indicating a small valise—"is my baggage." So the second carriage went back empty.

—In Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of "The Flight into Egypt," the donkey from which he painted is stated to be an animal of purest breed, boasting a genealogy of two centuries; while the Virgin is taken from a lovely Jewish maiden living in the neighborhood of Bethlehem. One original feature in the picture will be a procession of infant spirits—those of the murdered Innocents. Mr. Hunt has been engaged upon this picture for four years, and it will take six months to finish it.

—Dudley Field, the only son and law partner of Mr. David Dudley Field, died, August 10, very suddenly, in the forty-sixth year of his age, at the country residence of the Field family in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. His death leaves only one child surviving to his distinguished father—a daughter, Lady Musgrave, the wife of Sir Anthony Musgrave, K.C.M.G., who is now Governor of Jamaica, and who had previously been Governor successively of Newfoundland, British Columbia, and South Australia. Dudley Field had been several times affected with symptoms of heart-disease, but no immediately dangerous result had been feared. Indeed, he was in this city, the week before his death, in full health. He returned to Stockbridge to take part in an approaching family gathering. Dudley Field was recognized as a gentleman of great courtesy and geniality, and he was well regarded by the Bench and Bar and by clients for his enthusiasm, earnestness, faithfulness, and thorough knowledge of legal procedure. The late Mr. Field leaves a widow—formerly Miss Belden—but no children.

—A correspondent who saw Victor Hugo on the occasion of the fête at his house in honor of his saint's day, July 21, thus describes him: "Victor Hugo looks well, but old age is at last beginning to show its effects on his still vigorous frame. The redundant white hair is thinning on the crown of the nobly poised head, and the broad shoulders show a slight but perceptible stoop. He looks now like a man of seventy; five years ago he might have been taken for one not yet sixty. Yet the keen eye is as brilliant, the step as firm, the deep, soft tones as musical, as ever."

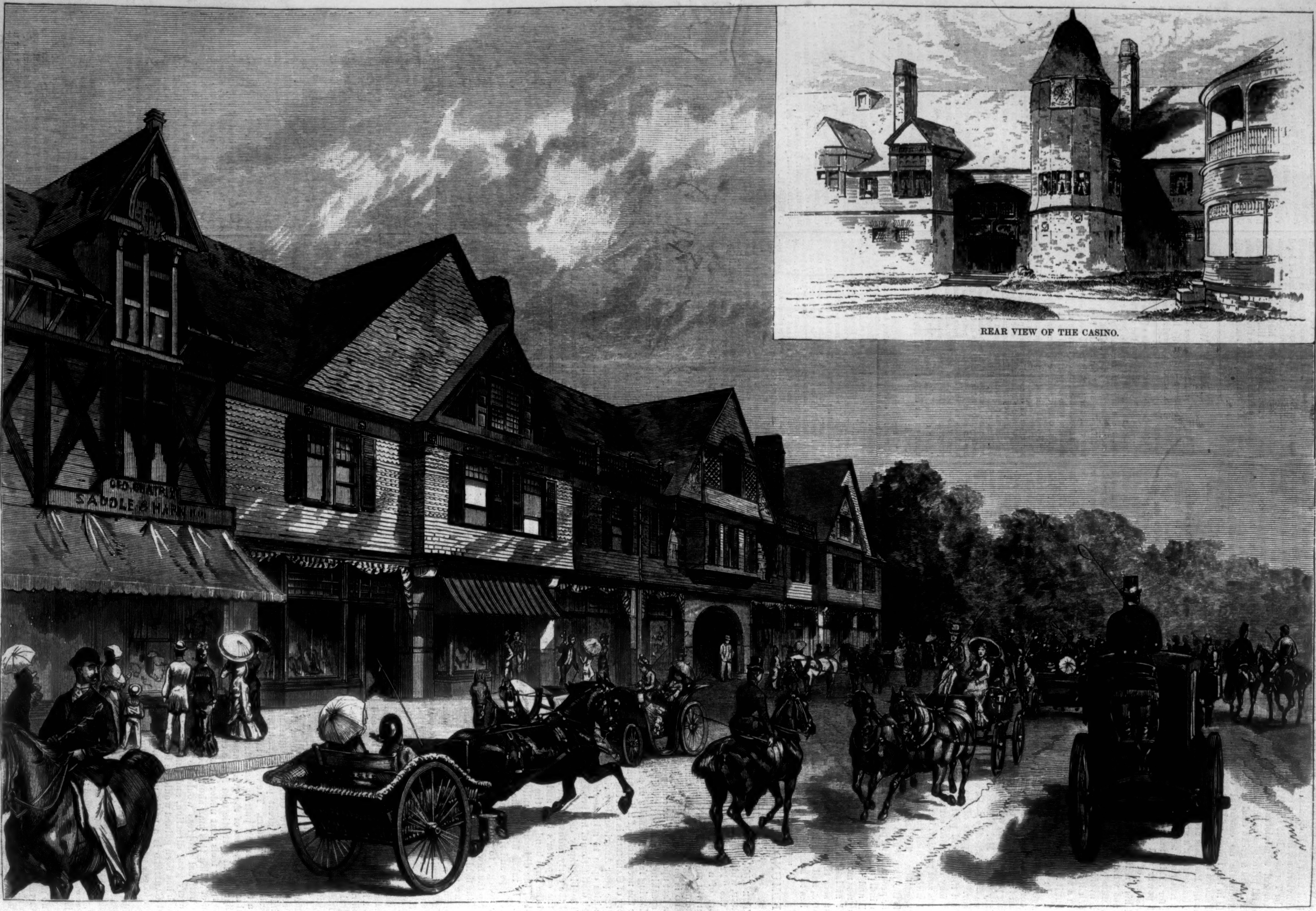
—Olive Logan says that it is not Sara Bernhardt alone who sits and lies down in her coffin. Hundreds have done the same this summer on the waters about New York, and no one speaks of it as an eccentricity of genius either.

—Émile Zola is a short, round, fat man, with black hair and eyes and black close beard, pale skin, and small features. He married a laundress, the daughter of a laundress, and in private he assumes Olympian altitudes.

—Madison Morton, the author of *Box and Cox*, is now old and poor.

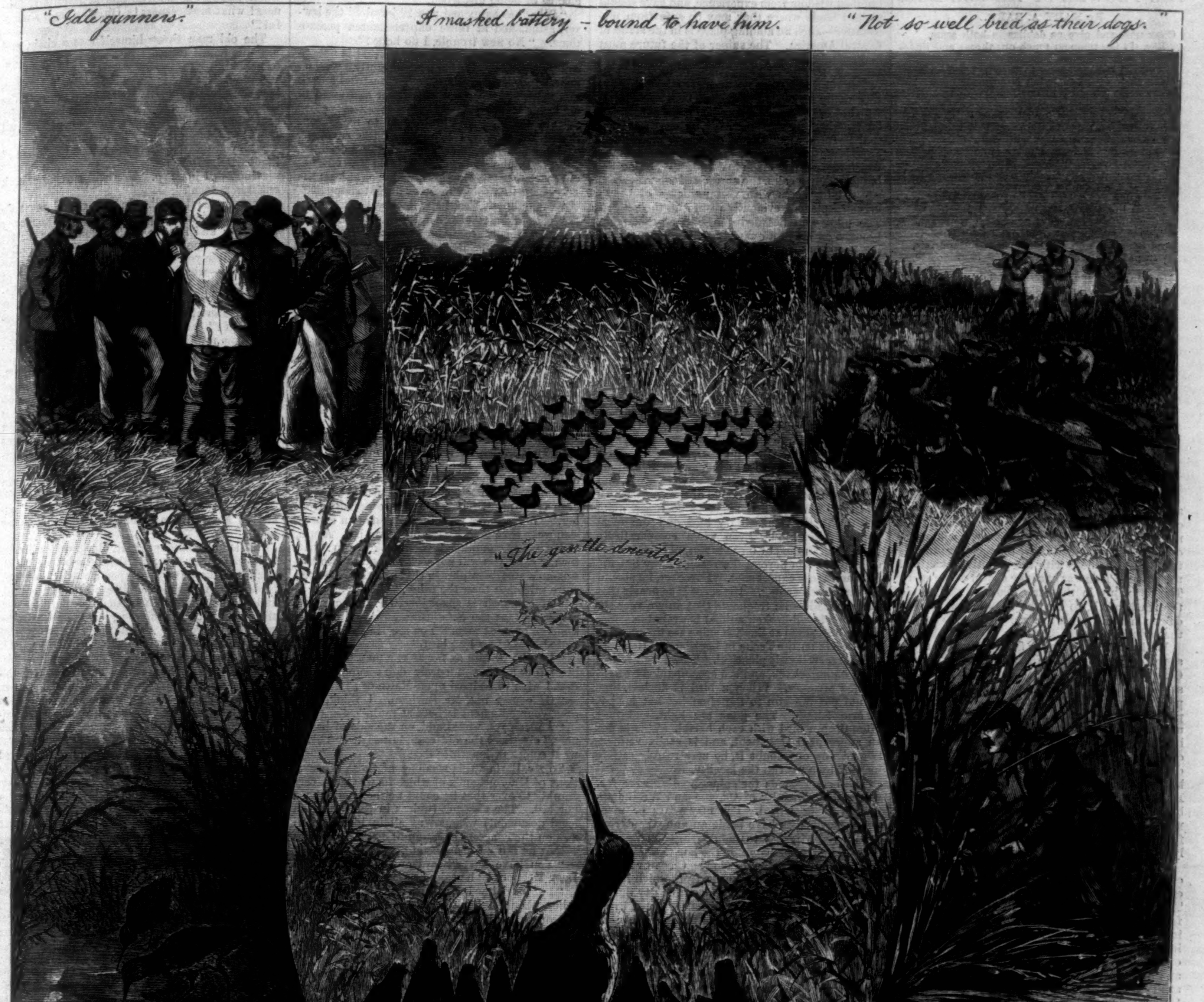
—Paul Brébant, proprietor of the Café Anglais, in Paris, is an author, and a man of high literary culture. His restaurant attracts intellectual celebrities, and has made him a millionaire. More princes of the blood have dined there than at any other restaurant in Christendom, more witty things have been said there, and eight hundred poor people are fed there gratuitously every year.

—An intimate friend of Professor Mommsen sends to the London *Athenæum* some details respecting the destruction of the professor's library, which must, it is stated, really be regarded as destroyed. The ancient manuscripts from foreign libraries which were in his hands are partly damaged, no doubt, but it would seem that they may be regarded as having as a body been practically saved. This was the case with the most important manuscript of Jordanis's Gothic history, which he had edited for the *Monumenta Germaniæ*. The edition is ready printed. In the collection of Roman inscriptions the main loss is in South Italy, because it will not perhaps be possible to collect again all the materials. The collection of Swiss inscriptions is also lost, and Mommsen will at once undertake its reconstruction, and so soon as he can get away he will proceed to Switzerland—not, as the papers say, to North Italy. Mommsen's MSS. of his lectures must be considered as destroyed, and they can only approximately be replaced from the note-books of his hearers. His collectanea are lost, and among these are unfortunately included those for the *Römisches Staatsrecht*, and the Roman history, and most valuable critical materials collected for the edition of the oldest writers on German history.



REAR VIEW OF THE CASINO.

THE NEWPORT CASINO.—Drawn by C. Graham.—[See Page 551.]


"Idle gunners."
A masked battery – bound to have him.
"Not so well bred as their dogs."
"The gentle dowitch."
On the feeding grounds
"A sneak"
"A lover of the classics."

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE SNIPE?—Drawn by Gaston Fay.—[See Page 550.]

THE FLOWER OF MIDDLE AGE.

By MARY A. BARR.

Come now and give us dahlias in both arms,
E'en till the topmost touch our throat and lips—
Bright golden dahlias, holding sunset's charms,
And red ones, crimson to their red leaf's tips;
Upon their white and pink and purple page
We'll write the story of our Middle Age.

For there are flowers for all. In childish years
We gather daisies in the fresh green grass,
Or blowing bluebells wet with dewy tears,
And gentian stars that never child could pass.
O blessed flowers, O blessed days, when we
With small feet sought you o'er the broomy lea!

Then came the golden days of maidenhood,
When life was full of beauty and perfume;
And with Love's roses at our breast we stood,
And culled the heliotrope's and lily's bloom,
And bound the orange blossom, sweet and fair,
With passionate carnations in our hair.

Now, in the August of our Middle Age,
We hail thee, dahlia, as our fittest sign;
Thy stately splendor at this later stage
Befits us more than rose or trailing vine,
So strong and straight, so staid in all thy ways,
Meeting the sun and wind with steadfast gaze.

When childish hands have held the daisy stars,
And on our breast Love's roses oft have lain;
When orange flowers and honeysuckle bars
For whitening heads will never bloom again—
Then, in the prime and harvest of our year,
We'll choose the dahlia's circle, bright and clear.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE SNIPE?

There is about snipe-shooting a fascination the absorbing nature of which can only be appreciated by its most ardent votaries; the early morning sail in a fresh southwester, a wild dawn of day, while about and above the shooting grounds the air is tremulous with the plaintive whistle of the snipe. This was once the charm of the sport. The departure in the early hours is still within the reach of all, so are the beauties of a gusty dawn; but the snipe are wanting—gone to join the mysterious dodo.

Within a period of ten or fifteen years the south shore of Long Island, from Montauk Point to Coney Island, was favored by position as an unsurpassed haunt for every variety of snipe. Its ponds, marshes, and bays were choice abiding-places for these birds. From the 4th of July until the 1st of November they could be found by the sportsman on every sand-bar and about every muddy pool. To-day a very changed condition of affairs exists, and a day's snipe-shooting has become an irksome and tiresome recreation. Rapid transportation and the introduction of the breech-loading shot-gun have operated a change which can only be appreciated by those who have for years followed the fascinating sport, and closely watched the causes of its decline.

One of the peculiar charms of snipe-shooting consists in its entire freedom from personal exertion. It is, so to speak, a sedentary pursuit. This, no doubt, accounts for its favor among professional gunners, to whom nothing is so annoying as bodily fatigue. There is no tedious crawling over fences, nor do entangling briers impede one's progress. The sport may be followed in an arm-chair and under shelter. The sportsmen at all times may be surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of a club; and since the introduction of the breech-loader, even the fatigue of charging the gun is reduced to a minimum. Of danger there is none, consequently a theological student or a plumber may indulge in it with entire impunity.

He is most successful as a sniper who possesses the art of imitating with exactness the note of the bird. Each variety of snipe utters a different call or whistle. Good eyesight, and a ready faculty to distinguish at a distance with certainty the variety of snipe which may be approaching, and to whistle in close imitation of the bird, are the simple qualifications needed. A blind is built near some projecting sand-bar or pool in the meadow. Decoys of various sizes are arranged within gunshot, head to the wind. A flock of birds appear in the distance, the sportsman whistles, they catch sight of the decoys, spread their wings, and either hover over or alight among the decoys.

The "dowitch" snipe is peculiarly amenable to the blandishments of an expert whistler. Their note is simple and plaintive, and on about the 15th of July they formerly appeared in great numbers on the Long Island coast, *en route* to the south from the breeding grounds. This early flight consisted entirely of the older birds; the young were not due until about the 20th of August. It is the habit of the doewitches, when they alight to the decoys, to huddle together; a person acquainted with this peculiarity will allow them to draw together, when he opens fire, and decimates the bunch. Moreover, the doewitches, after being shot at, will, in response to the whistle of the gunner, return again and again to the decoys, until on occasions the last one is killed. In former days, before the introduction of the breech-loader, the time occupied in reloading the old weapon enabled the birds to recover somewhat from their bewilderment and seek safety in flight; but the facility with which the modern gun can be charged gives the birds but little chance to escape. The dowitches, or what are left of them, have learned wisdom by experience: they now fly outside the line of beach some distance at sea. He may occasionally be seen on the bay-side on Sunday, which, in obedience to the truly good instincts of the Long-Islander, is generally regarded as a *dies non* for all secular pursuits. The birds have learned to understand this delicate discrimination, consequently they on that day sometimes frequent their old haunts.

The marlin, curlew, black-breasted and golden plover, the willet, and the yellow-leg were formerly as plentiful as the dowitch; but they have imbibed wisdom from experience, and have sought distant lands where they may be safe from molestation—such an abiding-place is in the states of Central America. The sniper of the future must make a pilgrimage thither to indulge in his favorite sport.

These birds are by no means extinct, nor are they really seriously diminished in numbers. It will, however, require a wise and consistent method, for which we need not hope, to lure them back to their former haunts. A passenger on a steamer *en route* from Liverpool relates a circumstance which there is no reason to doubt. When off Sable Island, in a calm, the surface of the water was covered for acres with vast numbers of black-breasted plovers, evidently resting in their flight. The pilot who boarded the ship at this point brought on board a quantity of these birds which had been shot from off the pilot-boat. All close-feathered snipe possess the power of reposing on the water for a considerable length of time, particularly those of the plover kind. In the year when these birds were seen in such vast numbers off Sable Island, there is no record of any number of them having passed down our coast, consequently they must have flown directly from their breeding-places to their ultimate destination. It is a notable fact that large flights now take place across the West India Islands, where formerly but few were to be met with. As with the black-breasted plover, so it is with every other variety of snipe, with the exception, perhaps, of the yellow-leg, both large and small, which are still with us in much diminished numbers, simply because they fly in a north or east wind, and at an altitude so great as to be out of sight of the decoys, and beyond the reach of the sound of the sportsman's whistle. The English snipe is at times quite plentiful. He is a solitary bird, and the most game of his kind. Even when comparatively gentle, his method of flight is so rapid and erratic as to place him beyond the reach of any but the best and most expert shot. Moreover, he should be hunted with a dog. His scent is so nearly that of the meadow he frequents that only a very superior and well-broken animal is available.

The best shots at English snipe are the planters who reside on the Teche in Louisiana. Here the bird is marvellously plentiful. These men follow them on horseback, and are accompanied by well-trained pointers. When a bird is flushed, they do not put the gun to the shoulder, but hold it at arms-length. The guns are light, and they often drop a bird with each barrel. This is not an apocryphal statement, and is easily verified. Should any one doubt it, he may readily satisfy himself by a visit to the locality.

The best grounds for snipe-shooting were formerly in the vicinity of Quogue and Westhampton, on Long Island. For fifty years or more noted personages have made an annual pilgrimage to these places to indulge in their favorite sport. Near Westhampton the late General John A. Dix owned a snipe meadow. Close by a pool he had erected a bough house, from which it was his habit to shoot on every favorable day during the season. Of late years his success was by no means commensurate with his perseverance; indeed, for days together he was not rewarded with a single bird—a startling contrast to his success in former times. As an offset to the lack of birds, he relieved the monotony of the occupation by a devotion to the classics. Horace was his favorite author, but on days particularly dull from the scarcity of snipe he devoted himself to the hymn "Dies Iræ," or Day of Wrath.

The experience along the entire coast is but a repetition of that of Long Island. There is a remedy, but its enforcement is Utopian. It would require intelligence and self-sacrifice on the part of the average man, and these he does not possess. The remedy may be found in a total prohibition against the killing of any snipe within a period of five years, with the exception of the English snipe, and the rigid application of a law, with heavy penalties, forbidding the killing of all snipe, without exception, from the 1st of January until the 1st of July. Could such a heroic remedy be applied to the case, we should again see our shores visited by vast flights. As it is, the next generation will, if they desire to indulge in the sport of snipe-shooting, be forced to make long journeys in search of the bird. Gaston Fay.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TWO VIEWS.

It was very seldom that Uncle Stephen's face, albeit far from a cynical one, wholly lost that expression of philosophical calm which old age and a long consciousness of the possession of superior intelligence combine to bestow. But after perusing this strange bequest of Matthew Helston's it exhibited every sign of perturbation and dismay. Stiff as he was in his limbs, he seemed unable to consider the matter sitting quietly in his arm-chair, but paced the room with unequal steps, muttering to himself disconsolately. On hearing Mr. Barlow come into the hall, however, he moved quickly to the door, and beckoned him in.

"Can you give me a few minutes quite alone?" he said. "Something has occurred of moment, I think. Amy must not be present."

"Mary was at the door as I came up, so I did not ring the bell," returned Mr. Barlow; "the ladies do not know that I am in the house."

"That is well. Let us come down to the smoking-room, however, where we shall run no chance of being disturbed."

"What has happened now?" inquired the lawyer, astonished at these unprecedented precautions. "No new trouble, I do hope?"

"Yes, a new one, or at least one that is new to us," answered Mr. Durham, significantly. "When poor Sabey was turning out her husband's desk this morning, she found this letter addressed to me in his handwriting."

"'If anything should happen to me,'" continued Mr. Barlow, reading from the envelope. "Such a superscription is noteworthy indeed."

"You think it shows danger," said Mr. Durham, unconsciously gnawing his beard, "or at least the knowledge that something was likely to happen?"

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Barlow.

"That did not strike me," returned the old man. "If you are right, it only makes things look more black. Read it, read it."

Mr. Barlow read the letter slowly and carefully, then stood with it in his hand, evidently in deep thought.

"It has no date," observed Mr. Durham; "that seems to me against your argument of design."

"It is so," admitted the lawyer.

"Still you think, perhaps, that consciousness of exposure to temptation, and of his own weakness, might have caused him to make preparations for the worst."

"Good heavens! Mr. Durham, do you suppose that Matthew was carrying on some secret intrigue?"

"What other explanation can you put upon it? The service he asks of me must, he says, be a secret one—I should not be now speaking of it to you, of course, Mr. Barlow, but for the sad circumstances in which we are placed—'secret even from my wife, and, indeed, especially from her.' What other meaning can such an expression wear save that I have put upon it? Again, 'I have only one other favor to ask of you: that, for my sake, you will not seek to inquire into this woman's story'—a phrase that seems to me even more pregnant than the other."

"Of course it is suspicious, Mr. Durham; or, rather, I grant the circumstances would be so in the case of most men. You are Helston's uncle, and should know him best."

"I do know him as far as one man may know his fellow; but you surely don't suppose, sir, that I wish to be hard upon Matthew?"

"Of course not, Mr. Durham. I think, however, your judgment is here at fault."

"And, as you would add, on the side of harshness," observed the old man, bitterly. "This is what comes of length of days."

To Mr. Barlow this was one of those observations of Mr. Durham's of which he was wont very frankly to aver that he could neither make head nor tail. The abstract (unless in the form of a legal document) was not at all in his line. It was on the concrete only—unlike the cab-horses—that he felt on firm ground.

"You have never heard any mention of this Lucy Mortlock?" he said, presently.

"I?" exclaimed Mr. Durham, with irritation; "how should I have heard? Am I the sort of person—even if I were not his uncle—to whom Matthew would talk upon such a subject? He has probably never opened his lips about her to any one."

"Really, Mr. Durham, you attribute to your nephew very bad behavior, upon what, as it seems to me, are very insufficient grounds. Matthew was reserved, no doubt, but scarcely what I should call secretive: conceive the deep and continuous duplicity that such an intrigue would have demanded of him?"

"I don't wish to conceive it, Mr. Barlow," returned the old man, with emotion. "To dwell upon the matter at all is odious to me; but I can not shut my eyes to probabilities. If we were concerning ourselves with anything but a woman, I could go three miles for your one (or for any man's) on the road to show Matthew's innocence. But I can not efface within me the experience of a lifetime; and it tells me that until a man is dead you can never be sure of his relations with the other sex. You will say, and with justice, that Matthew was the very last person to prove faithless to his wife, to carry on a system of domestic hypocrisy, to spend any portion of his scanty earnings upon an unworthy object; but unhappily it is these 'very last' men who are the first to do it. If it was so, poor fellow," added Uncle Stephen, musingly, "there was reason enough for his absence of mind and wandering thoughts."

"If, however, your suggestion of yesterday is to be accepted, Mr. Durham," observed the lawyer, "poor Matthew was scarcely responsible for his actions."

"Let us hope so; let us hope so, Mr. Barlow. And yet, great Heaven, what an alternative to be grateful for!"

"Well, for my part—and with all deference to your greater experience of life," said Mr. Barlow, after a long silence, "I see nothing in this letter which can not be explained—I do not say satisfactorily—but in a less painful way. Matthew Helston's heart was a very kind one; and notwithstanding his habits of reserve, it was subject to impulse."

"That is to say," remarked Mr. Durham, with a gesture of impatience, "he was impressionable and affectionate: of such materials are formed the unwilling slaves of passion."

"But why should this not have been an affair of mere philanthropy? He has become acquainted, we know not how, with this girl, and pities her; she is exposed to poverty and all its ills, and he would fain place her out of the reach of temptation. A Quixotic act, you may say—"

"I say an unjust one," broke in Mr. Durham; "he dares not speak of it to his wife, and naturally shrinks from encroaching upon his narrow means for such a purpose; but he asks another to be his almoner. It is an infatuation, of course, but one which stains his memory. Moreover, conceive the risk he ran in leaving such a letter where Sabey was sure to find it. What selfishness! what recklessness! Oh, Matt, how shameful!"

The old man threw himself into a chair, and beat his hands together in a manner distressing to behold.

"Well, sir, there is one comfort," said Mr. Barlow, consolingly: "Mrs. Helston did not open the letter, and need never now be cognizant of its contents. Except so far as we are concerned, all this is as though it never had happened."

"Do you think matters are to end here, then?" inquired Mr. Durham.

"Indeed, I hope so. You will surely not seek out this person?"

"Of course I shall. In any case I must do that. You don't suppose I object to the money payment; and if your explanation of the matter is a correct one, it will, of course, be paid. But is it possible you do not see to what this disclosure points—what an explanation it may afford of Matthew's disappearance, and that of the diamonds too, and one more trouble worse to that poor woman above-stairs than even the catastrophe itself?"

"Upon my life I don't see it yet," said Mr. Barlow, not without a touch of pique.

"And he is a lawyer!" murmured Mr. Durham, in what he intended to be a soliloquy, but of which the other heard every word. "I have always said that their knowledge of human life is but parchment deep! The unhappy conclusion borne in upon my mind, Mr. Barlow, is that this Lucy Mortlock is at the bottom of the whole calamity."

"Do you mean by that that Matthew has run away with her?"

"Heaven forgive me if I do him wrong," answered Mr. Durham, solemnly, "but that is my belief."

"It is not mine," said Mr. Barlow, sturdily.

It was curious to note the different mental attitudes of these two men upon a subject on which their natural sympathies were almost identical. Indeed, Mr. Durham, who took the dark view of the probabilities of the case, was undoubtedly the one more favorable to Matthew. A student of human nature (although one who had observed it mostly from without), he was driven to his conviction in spite of himself; whereas Barlow, who was not wont to be Matthew's apologist, now took his side. A type (though a good specimen of it) of conventional middle-class life, vice was comparatively foreign to his experience, whereas crime—that is, all the devices of self-aggrandizement—were familiar to him. He could have conceived Matthew absconding with the diamonds for their own sake much more easily than Mr. Durham could have done. But the introduction of a young person of the opposite sex into the problem of the missing man did not greatly influence his calculation. He was one of those "eminently respectable" persons who hardly exist, and certainly do not "flourish," except among the English middle classes, and in his heart of hearts would have deemed Matthew's infidelity to his wife less excusable than felony.

If there was one class of his fellow-creatures whom Mr. Durham secretly despised more than another, it was that to which Mr. Barlow belonged. They seemed to him to be narrow, ignorant, and bigoted; to have their minds fixed on sordid objects, and to pursue them in an uninteresting way. Yet so far as his own conduct went, he might have been an elder of a chapel at Clapham; and indeed he had been even less susceptible as regards the fair sex than some elders.

There was, indeed, a rumor in scientific circles that Mr. Durham's admiration had once been excited, and very freely expressed, for a married woman—the wife of Professor Beeswing, the naturalist. But this was in reality quite a Platonic affair. He had called on one occasion and found her sitting upon a lidless and empty box, from which she declined to move. "I can not rise," she explained, "because the Professor has placed me here for a scientific purpose. This box has been sent to him from Upper Egypt, full of the rarest insects, and some of them have got into the wood; nothing but animal heat will get them out of it."

Mr. Durham was wont to discourse with rapture on this heroic woman who had thus devoted as much time and attention as a hen gives to her eggs to the cause of science, and could no more be induced to desert her post than Casabianca. But, albeit often rallied upon the subject, no softer feeling than admiration had in reality been aroused in his bosom. Though gentle and chivalrous in his behavior to the fair sex, he had, in fact, even in his youth, had a wholesome fear of captivity at their hands; their fascinations, being comparatively unknown to him, were perhaps magnified in his eyes in consequence; or it may be, like most men who live in books (since for the most part only remarkable matters are recorded in them), he was always in expectation of the unexpected.

"However much I may differ from you upon this matter, Mr. Barlow," said Uncle Stephen, very gently, "I am not, Heaven knows, arguing for victory; on the contrary, it will give me great content if the event proves you to be in the right."

"No doubt, no doubt, Mr. Durham. I understand, then, that you mean to go to Bleak Street and seek out this—this young person?"

"Most certainly I do, to-morrow evening. Unless, indeed, you prefer to take that responsibility off my shoulders. You are a man of business, and more accustomed to deal with practical matters; and it may well be—"

"Not at all, not at all," interrupted Mr. Barlow, with some precipitation. "Your knowledge of human nature especially fits you to unravel a skein so delicately and—oh, dear me!—no, I had much rather leave the matter in your hands, Mr. Durham."

[to be continued.]

NEW CODE OF MARINE SIGNALS.

The alarming frequency of collisions on the high seas, as well as in inland waters, has shown the necessity of improvement in the present methods of signaling. Captain **Barker** has invented a new code of signals, which can be produced by automatic machinery, which, in the opinion of competent authorities, fully meets the requirements of safety. The following is the code:

FOR EASTWARD-BOUND VESSELS.

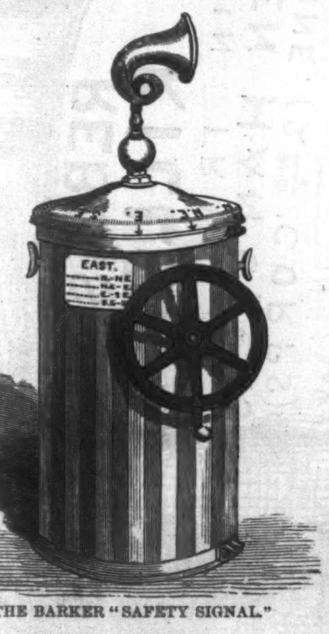
▬▬ ▬ ▬	North to Northeast.
▬▬ ▬ ▬ ▬	Northeast to East.
▬▬ ▬ ▬▬	East to Southeast.
▬▬ ▬ ▬ ▬▬	Southeast to South.

FOR WESTWARD-BOUND VESSELS.

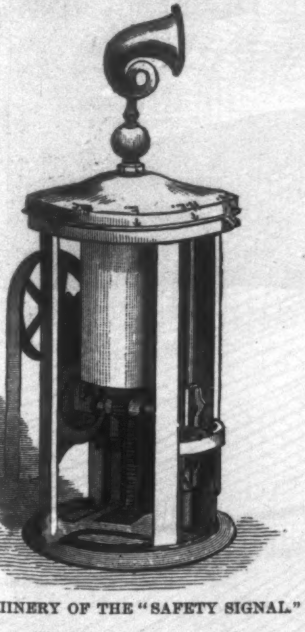
▬ ▬ ▬▬	South to Southwest.
▬ ▬ ▬ ▬▬	Southwest to West.
▬ ▬▬ ▬	West to Northwest.
▬ ▬ ▬ ▬	Northwest to North.

It will be seen that signals beginning with a long sound indicate that the vessel is steering to the eastward, while those beginning with a short sound indicate a westward course.

The machine by which the signals are given is of simple construction, and it can be placed on any part of the vessel which may be most convenient. It can be operated by hand or by steam power. The machinery of the signal consists of a cylinder and a plunger, the motive power being applied by a crank fitted with gearing. The signals are regulated by the compass, and are as accurate as the needle itself. On the top of the cylinder is a revolving dial-plate, on which are engraved the eight principal points of the compass. Now suppose a vessel to be steering any course, say from N. to N.E. The indicator is revolved until the point rests on the letter N, and the machine is ready to signal the vessel's course. The man on duty turns the crank. The plunger rises, and compresses air in the cylinder, which at the same time begins to revolve the dial-plate from N. to N.E.; and as it passes, the signal for that octant—viz., one long and two short blasts—is delivered. When the dial-plate has made one-eighth of a revolution, the letter N will be at the N.E. point; here the crank gearing disengages itself, and the plunger drops, while the cylinder revolves to its original place, and the N swings back to its first position, and the machine is ready to repeat the signal again and again. So long as the N is placed at or revolves back to the starting-point, no other signal than the one that indicates a course between north and northeast can possibly be made. Any change of course can be immediately indicated by the same process.



THE BARKER "SAFETY SIGNAL."



MACHINERY OF THE "SAFETY SIGNAL."

Captain **Barker**'s code and machine have been highly commended by those who have examined them, and pronounced an efficient means of preventing collisions at sea.

THE NEWPORT CASINO.

The Newport Casino, which was opened on the 2d of August, is a very handsome and elegant building, facing on Bellevue Avenue. The front is taken up with stores, rich in plate-glass and gilding, and filled with a profusion of attractive wares. The entrance to the grounds is through a low archway with an elliptic head. Within the inclosure there is a beautiful piece of lawn, in the centre of which a fountain scatters its cooling spray. Gravel-walks lead to the spacious colonnade, which is circular in form, and open on both sides. One side of the colonnade, the greater part of which is two stories in height, connects with a restaurant, and on the second floor with apartments handsomely furnished, and set apart for the use of bachelors who may desire to rent them. On the same floor there is a reading-room for the use of guests. On the east side of the colonnade there are a number of fine shade trees, which were growing in the place when it was bought a year ago, and which have been carefully preserved.

Stretching across the end of the lawn are two buildings united, with a piazza two stories in height on the west front. These buildings are the racket-court and the theatre, designed in excellent taste, and admirably adapted to their several purposes.

The Casino, of which we give an illustration on page 548, is one of the finest structures of the kind in this country, and can not fail to add greatly to the attractiveness of Newport.

"THE SILENT DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY."

Mr. **Nast**'s impressive cartoon emphasizes the fact that General **Hancock**'s support in the present campaign is chiefly derived from those who were engaged in active rebellion against the Union, and from their sympathizers in the North. Every State that attempted to secede from the Union was controlled by the Democratic party, which mercilessly crushed out the Unionist minority; and every Northern sympathizer with the rebellion was a Democrat.

General **Hancock** fought bravely for the Union against Southern rebels, and doubtless entertained a hearty contempt for their Northern allies; and yet he now joins hands with men who openly avow that they are still rebels at heart, and that if they obtain control of the government, they will undo everything that was accomplished by the war. One of General **Hancock**'s most enthusiastic supporters in the South is General **Wade Hampton**, who, in a speech recently delivered at Staunton, Virginia, exclaimed: "*Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. THESE ARE THE SAME PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH THEY FOUGHT FOR FOUR YEARS. Remember the men who poured forth their life-blood on Virginia's soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket.*"

General **Hancock**, standing now as the representative of the party that fought for four years against the Union, may well consider to what end he opposed them on the field, and sent so many thousand Democratic voters to their graves!

QUEER NOTIONS ABOUT THE MOON.

An interesting relic of a primeval superstition of the Aryan race survives in the fanciful conception that the lunar spots are not meaningless specks, but representations of human beings. Every one, says Mr. Baring-Gould, knows that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who has been exiled thither for many centuries, and who is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death. Dante calls him Cain; Chaucer speaks of him as undergoing punishment up there for theft, and gives him a thorn bush to carry; whereas Shakspeare, whilst assigning to him the thorn load, by way of compensation allows him a dog for his companion. From general account, however, his offense seems not to have been stealing, but Sabbath-breaking—an idea derived from the Old Testament. Like the man mentioned in the Book of Numbers, he was caught gathering sticks on a Sunday, and for this act of disobedience, and as an example to mankind, was condemned to reside forever in the moon, with his bundle on his back. A further legend identifies him with the figure of Isaac in the act of carrying a bundle of sticks for his sacrifice; while the Jews have a Talmudical story that Jacob is in the moon, and they believe that his face is occasionally visible. This belief in the moon-man is found in most countries, and under a variety of forms. Thus the Swedish peasantry explain the lunar spots as representing a boy and girl bearing a pail of water between them, whom the moon once kidnapped and carried up to heaven—a legend existing also in Icelandic mythology. According to one German tale, a man and a woman stand in the moon—the man, because he strewed brambles and thorns on the church path, so as to hinder people from attending mass on Sunday morning; the woman, because she made butter on that day. The woman carries her butter tub, and the man his bundle of thorns. The Dutch myth is that the unhappy man was caught stealing vegetables. The natives of Ceylon, instead of a man, have placed a hare in the moon, and it is reported to have got there in the following manner: Their great deity Buddha, when a hermit on earth, lost himself one day in a forest. After wandering about in great distress, he met a hare, who thus addressed him: "It is in my power to extricate you from your difficulty; take the path on your left hand, and it will lead you out of the forest." "I am greatly obliged to you," said Buddha, "but unfortunately I am very poor and very hungry, and have nothing to offer you in reward for your kindness." "If you are hungry," returned the hare, "I am again at your service. Make a fire, kill me, roast me, and eat me." Buddha made the fire, and the hare at once jumped into it, where he has remained ever since. The Chinese represent the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. Their mythological moon Jut-ho is figured by a beautiful young woman with a double sphere behind her head and a rabbit at her feet. If the nursery rhyme is to be credited, the man in the moon once visited this earth, and took a fancy to some peas-porridge, which he was in such a hurry to devour that he scalded his mouth:

> "The man in the moon
> Came tumbling down,
> And asked his way to Norwich;"

but whether he ever reached his destination we are not told. An Australian legend says that originally the moon was a native cat, who fell in love with some one else's wife, and was driven away to wander ever since. Among the Esquimaux the sun is a maiden, and the moon is her brother; and the Khasias of the Himalaya say that the moon falls every month in love with his mother-in-law, who throws ashes in his face, whence his spots. The tribes of the Malayan Peninsula believe that the moon is a woman, and the stars are her children; whereas in South America there is a legend that the moon is a man, and the sun is his wife.

One of the superstitions associated with the moon is its supposed influence in healing certain diseases. In the south of England the May new moon is said to have a share in curing scrofulous complaints. An interesting case is related of a man residing near Chichester who twice travelled into Dorsetshire with different members of his family to place them under a "cunning man" residing there. His charms were only potent in the month of May. He further required his patients to have their eyes fixed upon the new May moon while they received from his hands boxes of ointment made from herbs gathered when the moon was full. On one occasion as many as two hundred persons waited to be charmed. In Staffordshire a remedy for whooping-cough consists in taking out the child to let it see the new moon, at the same time rubbing its stomach and repeating the following invocation:

> "What I see, may it increase;
> What I feel, may it decrease;
> In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

In Cornwall the club-moss, if properly gathered, is considered "good against all diseases of the eyes." The gathering is regarded as a mystery, and if any man ventures to write the secret, the virtues of the moss avail him no more. In spite of this, however, some one has boldly revealed to us this wonderful secret, the mystery of which, to quote his own words, is this: "On the third day of the moon, when the thin crescent is seen for the first time, show it the knife with which the moss is to be cut, and say,

> "'As Christ healed the issue of blood,
> Do thou cut what thou cuttest for good.'"

At sundown, having carefully washed the hands, the club-moss is to be cut kneeling. It is to be carefully wrapped in a fine linen cloth, and subsequently boiled in some water taken from the spring nearest to its place of growth. This may be used as a fomentation, or the club-moss may be made into an ointment with butter made from the milk of a new cow. In Devonshire the hair and nails should always be cut during the waning of the moon, and persons troubled with corns are recommended to cut them after the moon has been at its full.

When the moon's horns appear to point upward, it is said by the weather-wise to be like a boat, and in many parts there is an idea that when it is thus situated there will be no rain—a superstition which George Eliot describes in *Adam Bede*: "It 'ud ha' been better luck if they'd ha' buried him i' the forenoon, when the rain was fallin': there's no likelihood of a drop now. An' the moon lies like a boat there. That's a sure sign of fair weather." According to sailors, when the moon is in this position it denotes fine weather, for, to use their phrase, "You might hang your hat upon it." In Liverpool, however, it is considered a sign of foul weather, as the moon is now considered to be like a basin full of water about to fall. The Scotch proverb expressive of the same fancy inculcates the following admonition:

> "The honey moon is on her back;
> Mend your shoes and sort your thack."

Whenever a planet or large star is seen near the moon it is said by sea-faring men to prognosticate boisterous weather, for, to make use of their term, "A big star is dogging the moon." "Some years ago," says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, "a fisherman of Torquay told me, after a violent gale, that he had foreseen the storm, as he had observed one star ahead of the moon towing her, and another astern chasing her."

The moon's eclipse has been from the earliest times held as ominous, and hence just as unlucky for lawful enterprises as suitable for evil designs. The Romans supposed it resulted from the influence of magical charms, to counteract which they had recourse to the sound of brazen implements of all kinds. Shakspeare, too, in the *Tempest* (Act v., scene 1), mentions the notion of witches being able to influence the moon by their incantations:

> "His mother was a witch; and one so strong
> That could control the moon."

The Chinese believe that during eclipses of the sun and moon these celestial bodies are attacked by a great serpent—to drive away which they strike their gongs or brazen drums—an opinion shared also by the Turks. Brand quotes an old authority, who says that in former times the Irish and Welsh, during eclipses, ran about beating kettles and pans, thinking that their clamor might be available in assisting the higher orbs.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some interesting statistics have recently been issued from the Post-office Department. About a year ago an order was given directing that an actual count should be made during the first week in November, 1879, of all the letters, postal cards, packages of printed matter, and merchandise deposited in all the post-offices and postal cars in the United States. This week was taken as an average standard of the amount for the year. The returns have been completed at the Post-office Department, with the following result, which does not include mails from foreign countries:

Letters in plain envelopes	467,609,556
"Card or request" letters	365,024,920
"Official penalty" letters	35,859,096
Total letters	868,493,572
Postal cards	276,446,711
Newspapers to subscribers and news agents	695,175,624
Magazines to subscribers and news agents	53,472,276
Books, circulars, and miscellaneous printed matter	300,845,485
Articles of merchandise	22,634,456
Grand total	2,217,068,124

As this count is to be an annual one, taken every November, it will be the means of showing very accurately the yearly increase of the postal business.

For some weeks past religious services, conducted by clergymen of different denominations, have been held at Manhattan Beach, Coney Island. A week or two ago there was an Episcopal service there. The solemn words of the liturgy sounded strangely amid the noise of the rolling surf, but hundreds of people listened attentively, and made the responses as reverently as if within cathedral walls.

By the last census taken in England it is found that among names Jones stands at the head of the list, and Smith next after. Among strange names are mentioned these: Albertina Regina Victoria Gotha Boult, Turnerica Henrica Ulrica du Gloria de Lavinia Rebecca Turner, and Hostiliana Ophigenia Maria Hypihile Wadge.

A tame woodcock is an object of much interest now in Jefferson Market, it having been supposed hitherto that this bird could not live in captivity. Dick is a large and handsome bird, about five months old. When first captured he was put into a small conservatory, with but little hope of rearing him. An ingenious way of serving him his favorite dish of worms, so that he could "bore" for them in marshy earth, proved a great success, and ere long Dick forgot his captivity. He has been put into a large cage, is now quite tame, and well accustomed to the many spectators who watch his movements. His appetite is voracious, requiring at least a pint of worms daily.

The London *Magazine of Pharmacy* says that there are few greater treats during the winter than the magnificent apples imported from America to find their places on the dessert table in England. But large numbers arrive in a bruised condition, owing to careless packing. There is no reason why this splendid fruit should not be imported almost as fresh and blooming as when it is gathered from the tree. A common but soft kind of tissue-paper should envelope each apple before it is placed in the cask, and this tissue-paper should have been soaked in a solution of salicylic acid and dried before it is used, and every possible precaution should be taken to prevent bruising when loading into the casks or cases. As to the cost, it would be a mere trifle when we consider the result gained, and the splendid condition of the fruit when it enters the London market.

The brilliancy of the planet Jupiter will be greater in October than it has been for many years past. The large red spot on his disk which made its appearance in 1878, and which is a puzzle to astronomers, is still visible, and a host of telescopes throughout the country are directed to this object of interest.

The latest news in the electric field is the reported invention of a method of applying electricity as a motive power on elevated railways. It is claimed that it will entirely banish all noise, smoke, dripping coal-oil, flying cinders—the disagreeable attendants of the present arrangement.

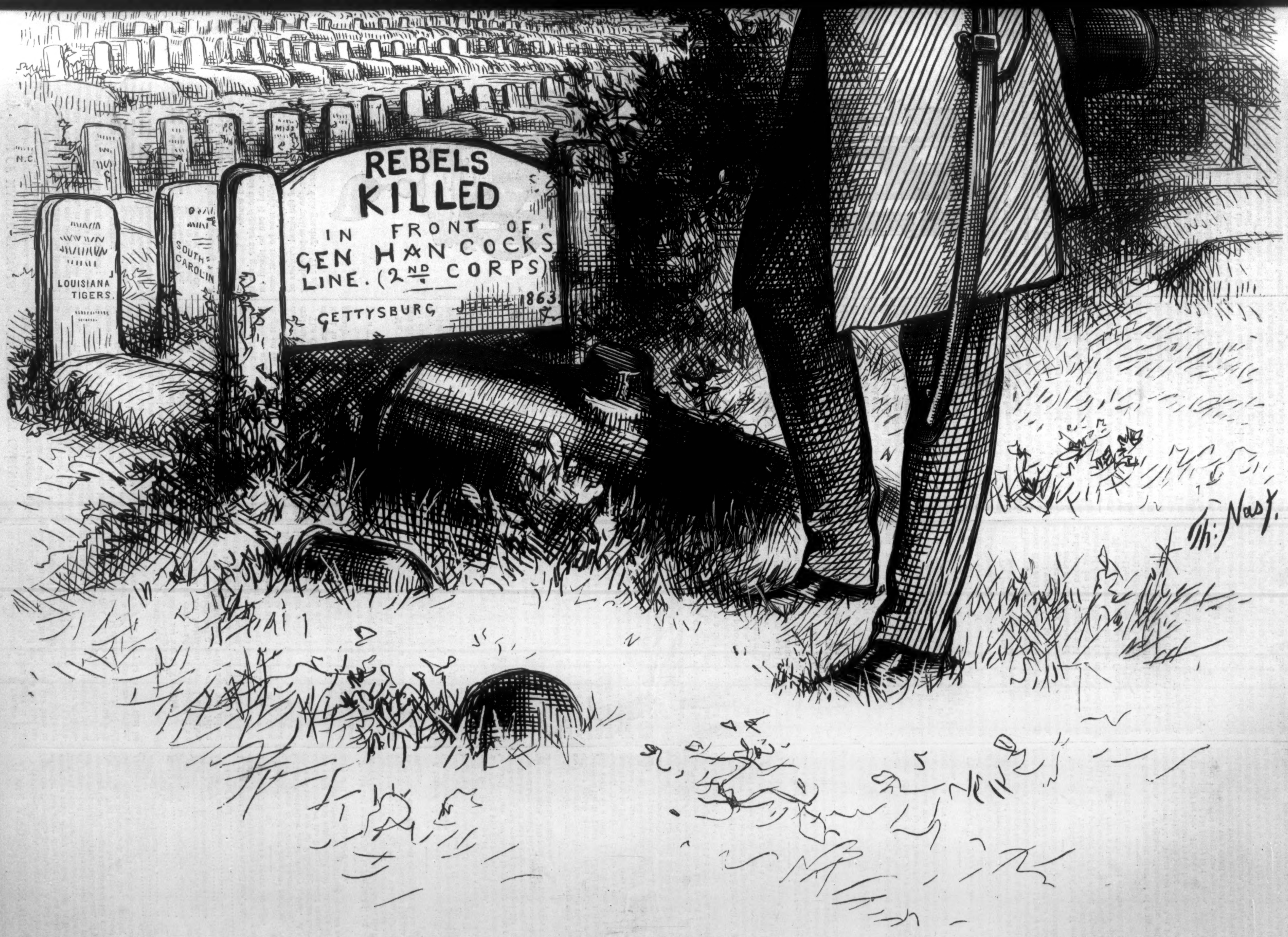
A statue of Robert Burns is to be presented to the Central Park in September.

The books, letters, and manuscripts belonging to John and Charles Wesley, with about a thousand others illustrating the history of Methodism, have been presented to the Drew Theological Seminary. The collection was made by a clergyman living near London, and was lately purchased for the Drew Seminary by a New York merchant interested in the schools.

The Secretary of the Navy has received a letter from one of the Treasury auditors stating that a careful examination of the accounts of the Navy Department during the past four years shows a disbursement of $70,541,710 36, embracing payments made by pay officers of the navy and naval pension agents in all parts of the world, and stations at home where disabled seamen receive the bounty of the nation; that in disbursing this large sum not a single officer has defaulted, nor has a single dollar been lost to the government.

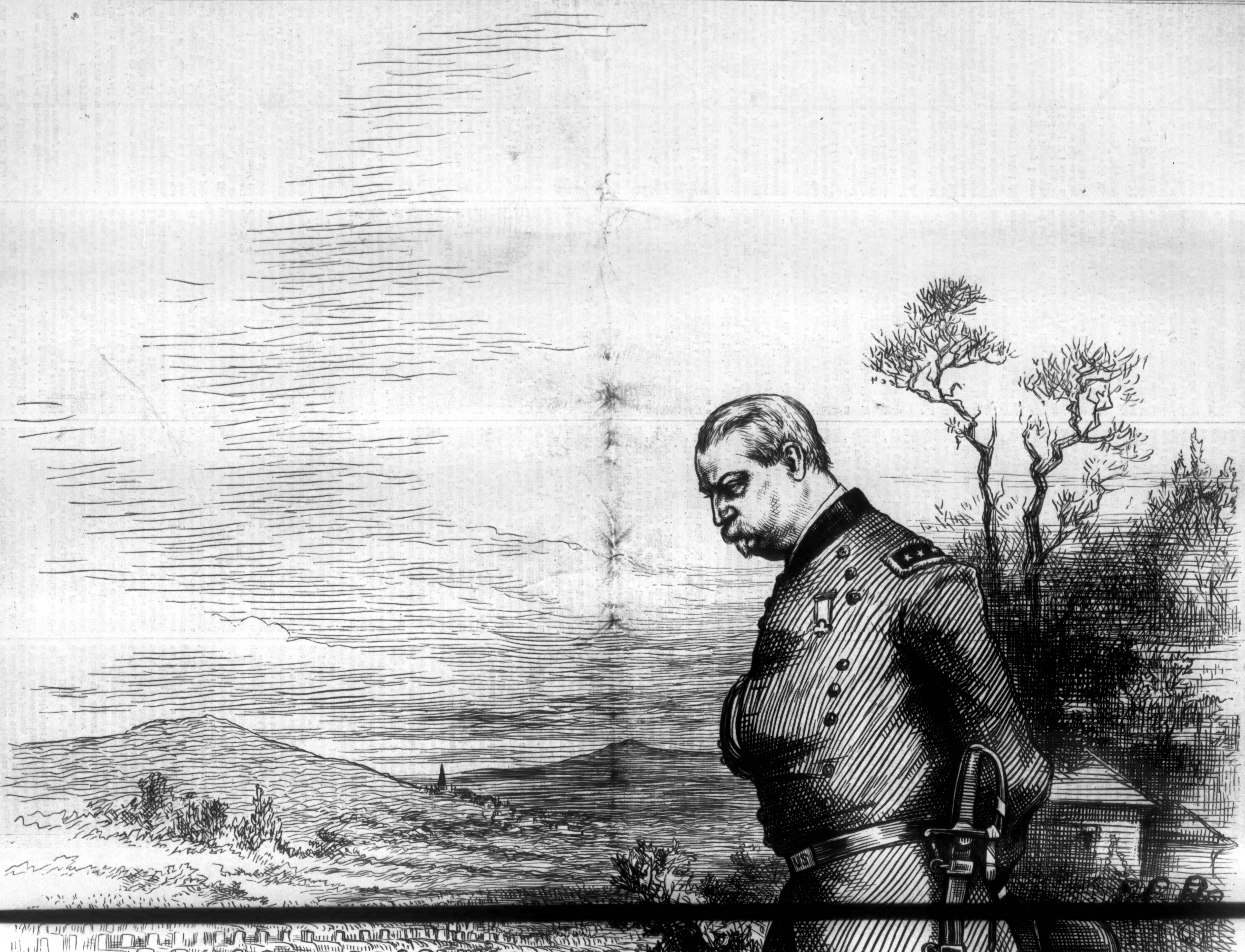
The work of completing the Washington Monument has been begun. The first stone in the reconstruction was laid in the presence of President Hayes, who placed in the cement some coins marked with the date and his initials. Over a hundred men are employed, and it is expected that thirty feet will be added to the monument before December.

A Boston paper gives an account of a remarkable woman born in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, and now ninety-three years old. When she was but twenty-four years old, having two young children, her husband was brought home to her from his wrecked vessel an invalid for life. He saw nothing but destitution staring him and his family in the face. Then it was that her wonderful energy was equal to the occasion. She started a store, very small at first, but its profits gradually increased, and she says that many a day she has taken in over a hundred dollars. For fifty-nine years she made monthly visits to Boston in small sail-boats to replenish her stock. For fifty years she took care of her invalid husband, who was not able even to dress himself. She educated her two boys, and started them in business. She also adopted, clothed, fed, educated, and placed in good positions in the world twenty orphan boys and girls, besides visiting and taking care of the sick at all hours, day and night.


REBELS KILLED IN FRONT OF GEN HANCOCKS LINE. (2ND CORPS) GETTYSBURG JULY 1863
LOUISIANA TIGERS.
SOUTH CAROLIN
N.C
MISS
Th: Nast.

THE "SILENT (DEMOCRATIC) MAJORITY."

GENERAL HANCOCK WILL MISS THEM ON ELECTION DAY.—[SEE PAGE 551.]



ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Barbara; or, Splendid Misery," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Vixen," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"AND SHE WAS FAIR AS IS THE ROSE IN MAY."

"Oh, you glorious old Sol, how I love you!" cried Daphne.

It was a day on which common mortals were almost fainting with the heat, puffing and blowing and complaining—a blazing midsummer day; and even here in the forest of Fontainebleau, where the mere idea of innumerable trees was suggestive of shadow and coolness, the heat was barely supportable: a heavy, slumberous heat, loud with the hum of millions of insects, perfumed with the breath of a thousand pines.

Daphne revelled in the fierce sunshine. She threw back her crest of waving hair, bright as yellow gold; she smiled up at the cloudless blue; she looked unwinkingly even at Sol himself, the mighty, unquenchable king of the sky, glorious yonder in his highest heaven.

She was lying at full length on a moss-grown block of stone at the top of a hill which was one of the highest points in the forest—a hill-top overlooking on one side a fair sweep of champaign country, fertile valleys, church steeples, village roofs, vineyards and rose gardens, and winding streams; and on the other side, woodlands stretching away into infinite distance, darkly purple.

It was the choicest spot in a forest which, at its best, is a poor thing compared with the immemorial growth of an old English wood. Here there are no such oaks and beeches as our Hampshire forest can show, no such lovely mystical glades, no such richness of undergrowth. Everything seems of yesterday, save here and there a tree that looks as if he had seen something of by-gone generations, and here and there a wreck of an ancient oak, proudly labelled, The Great Pharamond, or The Royal Charlemagne, with a placard hung round his poor old neck to say that he is not to be damaged on pain of amend. Such Pharamonds and Charlemagnes abound in the forest where Rufus was killed, and nobody heeds them. The owls build in them, the field-mice find shelter in them, the woodpecker taps at them, unscared by placards or the threat of an amend.

But in the Fontainebleau woods there are rocky glades which English forests can not boast; wild walks between walls of gigantic granite bowlders; queer shapes of monsters and animals in gray stone, which seem to leap out at one from the shadows as one passes; innumerable pine-trees; hills and hollows; pathways carpeted with red fir needles, mosses, ferns, and wild flowers; and a bluer, brighter sky than the heaven which roofs an English landscape.

"Isn't this worlds better than Asnières?" asked Daphne of her companion; "and aren't you ever so grateful to those poor girls for getting scarlet fever?"

Asnières was school and constraint, Fontainebleau was liberty; so if the forest had been a poorer place, Daphne, who hated all restraints, would have loved it.

"Poor girls!" sighed Martha Dibb, a stupid, honest-minded young person, whose father kept an Italian warehouse in New Oxford Street, and whose mother had been seized with the aspiration to have her daughters finished at Continental schools, whereby one Miss Dibb was being half starved upon sausage and cabbage at Hanover, while the other grew fat upon *croûte au pot* and *bouillon* in the neighborhood of Paris, and was supposed to be acquiring the true Parisian accent. "Poor girls, it was very bad for them," sighed Martha.

"Yes, but it was very good for us," answered Daphne, lightly; "and if it was a part of their destiny to have scarlet fever, how very nice of them to have it in the term instead of in the holidays, when we shouldn't have profited by it!"

"And how lucky that we had that good-natured Miss Toby sent with us instead of one of the French governesses!"

"Lucky indeed!" cried Daphne, with her bright laugh. "That good simple Toby, with whom we can do exactly what we like, and who is the image of quiet contentment so long as she has even the stupidest novel to read, and some acid drops to suck! I tremble when I think of the amount of acid drops she must consume in the course of a year."

"Why do you give her so many?" asked the practical Martha.

"They are my peace-offerings when I have been especially troublesome," said Daphne, with the air of a sinner who gloried in her troublesomeness. "Poor dear old Toby! if I were to give her a block of sweet-stuff as tall as King Cheops's Pyramid, it wouldn't atone for the life I lead her."

"I hope she won't get into trouble with Madame for letting us run wild like this," suggested Miss Dibb, doubtfully.

"How should Madame know anything about it? and do you think she would care a straw if she did?" retorted Daphne. "She will get paid exactly the same for us whether we are roaming at large in this lovely old forest, or grinding at grammar and analysis, and Racine and Lafontaine, in the stuffy school-room at Asnières, where the train goes shrieking over the bridge every half-hour carrying happy people to Paris and gayety, and theatres and operas, and all the good things of this life. What does Madame care, so long as we are out of mischief? and I don't see how we can get into any mischief here, unless that lovely green lizard we saw darting up the gray rock just now should turn into an adder and sting us to death."

"If Miss Toby hadn't had a headache, we couldn't have come out without her," said Martha, musingly.

"May Toby and her headache flourish! If she had been well enough to come with us, we should have been crawling along the dusty white road at the edge of the forest, and should never have got here. Toby has corns. And now I am going to sketch," said Daphne, in an authoritative tone. "You can do your crochet, for I really suppose now that to you and a certain class of intellects there is a kind of pleasure to be derived from poking an ivory hook into a loop of Berlin wool and pulling it out again. But please sit so that I can't see your work, Dibb dear. The very look of that hot wool on this hot day almost suffocates me."

Daphne produced her drawing-block and opened her color-box, and settled herself in a half-recumbent position on the great granite slab, and surveyed the wide landscape below her with that gaze of calm patronage which the amateur artist bestows on grand, illimitable, untranslatable nature. She looked across the vast valley, with its silver streak of river and its distant spires, its ever-varying lights and shadows—a scene at which Turner would have looked with awe and a sense of comparative impotence, but which ignorance, as personified by Daphne, surveyed complacently, wondering where she should begin.

"I think it will make a pretty picture," she said, "if I can succeed with it."

"Why don't you do a tree, or a cottage, or something, as the drawing-master said we ought to do—just one simple little thing that one could do correctly?" asked Martha, who was provokingly well furnished with the aggravating quality of common-sense.

"Drawing-masters are such grovellers," said Daphne, dashing in a faint outline with her facile pencil. "I would rather go on making splendid failures all my life than creep along the dull path of mediocre merit by the lines and rules of a drawing-master. I have no doubt this is going to be a splendid failure, and I shall do a devil's dance upon it presently, as Müller used, in the woods near Bristol, when he couldn't please himself. But it amuses one for the moment," concluded Daphne, with whom life was all in the present, and self the centre of the universe.

She splashed away at her sky with her biggest brush, sweeping across from left to right with a wash of cobalt, and then began to edge off the color into ragged little clouds as the despised drawing-master had taught her. There wasn't a cloud in the hot blue sky this midsummer afternoon, and Daphne's treatment was purely conventional.

And now she began her landscape, and tried with multitudinous dabs of gray and green and blue, Indian red and Italian pink, ochre and umber and lake and sienna, to imitate the glory of a fertile valley basking in the sun.

The colors were beginning to get into confusion. The foreground and the distance were all on one plane, and Daphne was on the point of flinging her block on the red sandy ground, and indulging in the luxury of a demon dance upon her unsuccessful effort, when a voice behind her murmured, quietly, "Give your background a wash of light gray, and fetch up your middle distance with a little body-color."

"Thanks awfully," replied Daphne, without looking round, and without the faintest indication of surprise. Painters in the forest were almost as common as gad-flies. They seemed indigenous to the soil. "Shall I make my pine branches umber or Venetian red?"

"Neither," answered the unseen adviser. "Those tall pine stems are madder brown, except where the shadows tint them with purple."

"You are exceedingly kind," said Daphne, stifling a yawn, "but I don't think I'll go on with it, I am so obviously in a mess. I suppose nobody but a Turner ought to attempt such a valley as that."

"Perhaps not. Linnell or Vicat Cole might be able to give a faint idea of it."

"Linnell!" exclaimed Daphne; "I thought he painted nothing but wheat fields, and that his only idea of nature was a blaze of yellow?"

"Have you seen many of his pictures?"

"One. I was taken to the Academy last year."

"Were you very pleased with what you saw?"

"Delighted—with the gowns and bonnets. It was a Saturday afternoon in the height of the season, and I plead guilty to seeing very little of the pictures. There were always people in the way, and the people were ever so much more interesting than the paintings."

"What picture can compare with a well-made gown or the latest invention in bonnets?" exclaimed the unknown, with good-humored irony.

Daphne hacked the spoiled sheet of Whatman off her block with a dainty little penknife, and looked at the daub longingly, wishing that the stranger would depart, and leave her free to execute a *pas seul* upon her abortive effort. But the stranger seemed to have no idea of departure. He had evidently settled himself behind her on a camp-stool, or a rock, or some kind of seat, and he meant to stay.

She had not yet seen his face. She liked his voice, which was of the barytone order, full and round and grave, and his intonation was that of a man who had lived in what the world calls society. It might not be the best possible intonation—since orators and great preachers and successful actors have another style—but it was the tone approved by the best people, and the only tone that Daphne liked.

"A drawing-master, no doubt," she thought, "whose manners have been formed in decent society."

She wiped her brushes and shut her color-box with languid deliberation, not yet feeling curious enough to turn and inspect the stranger, although Martha Dibb was staring at him open-mouthed, as still as a stone, and the image of astonishment. Daphne augured from that gaping mouth of Martha's that the unknown must be somewhat eccentric in appearance or attire, and began to feel faintly inquisitive.

She rose from her recumbent attitude on the rock, drew herself as straight as an arrow, shook out her indigo-colored serge petticoat, from beneath whose hem flashed a pair of scarlet stockings and neat buckled shoes, shook loose her mane of golden-bright hair, and looked deliberately round at nature generally—the woods, the rocks, the brigand's cave yonder, and the stalls where toys and trifles in carved wood were set out to tempt the tourist—and finally at the stranger. He lounged at his ease on a neighboring rock, looking up at her with a provokingly self-assured expression. Her supposition had been correct, she told herself. He evidently belonged to the artistic classes—a drawing-master, or a third-rate water-color painter—a man whose little bits of landscape or foreign architecture would be hung near the floor, and priced at a few guineas in the official list. He was a Bohemian to the tips of his nails. He wore an old velveteen coat—Daphne was not experienced enough to know that it had been cut by a genius among tailors; a shabby felt hat lay on the grass beside him. Every one of his garments had seen good service, even to the boots, whose neat shape indicated a refinement that struggled against adverse circumstances. He was young, tall, and slim, with long slender fingers, and hands that looked artistic without looking effeminate. He had dark brown hair cut close to a well-shaped head, a dark brown mustache shading a sensitive and somewhat melancholy mouth. His complexion was pale, inclining to sallowness, his nose well formed, his forehead broad and low; his eyes were of so peculiar a color that Daphne was at first sorely perplexed as to whether they were brown or blue, and finally came to the conclusion that they were neither color, but a variable greenish-gray. But whatever their hue, she was fain to admit to herself that the eyes were handsome eyes, far too good for the man's position. Something of their beauty was doubtless owing to the thick dark lashes, the strongly marked brows. Just now the eyes, after a brief upward glance at Daphne, who fairly merited a longer regard, were fixed dreamily on the soft dream-like landscape—the sun-steeped valley, the purple distance. It was a day for languorous dreaming—a day in which the world-worn soul might slip off the fetters of reality, and roam at large in dream-land.

"Dibb," said Daphne, ever so slightly piqued at the unknown's absent air, "don't you think we ought to be going home? Poor dear Miss Toby will be anxious."

"Not before six o'clock," replied the matter-of-fact Martha. "You told her with your own lips that she wasn't to expect us before six. And what was the good of our carrying that heavy basket if we are not to eat our dinner here?"

"You have brought your dinner!" exclaimed the stranger, suddenly waking from his dream. "How very delightful! Let us improvise a picnic."

"The poor thing is hungry," thought Daphne, rather disappointed at what she considered a low trait in his character.

Martha, with her face addressed to Daphne, began to distort her countenance in the most frightful manner, mutely protesting against the impropriety of sharing their luncheon with an unknown wanderer. Daphne, who was as mischievous as Robin Goodfellow, and doted on everything that was wrong, laughed these dumb appeals to scorn.

"The poor thing shall be fed," she said to herself. "Perhaps he has hardly a penny in his pockets. It will be a pleasure to give him a good meal, and send him on his way rejoicing. I shall feel as meritorious as the Good Samaritan."

"Is this the basket?" asked the painter, pouncing upon the bee-hive receptacle which Martha had been hugging for the last five minutes. "Do let me be useful. I have a genius for picnics."

"I never heard of such impertinence!" ejaculated Miss Dibb, inwardly; and then she began to wonder whether the valuable watch and chain which her father had given her on her last birthday was safe in such company, or whether her ear-rings might not be suddenly wrenched out of her ears.

And there was that reckless Daphne, who had not the faintest notion of propriety, entering into the thing eagerly as a capital joke, and making herself as much at home with the nameless intruder as if she had known him all her life!

Miss Dibb had been Daphne's devoted slave for the last two years, had admired her and believed in her, and fetched and carried for her, and had been landed in all manner of scrapes and difficulties by her without a murmur; but she had never been so near a revolt as at this moment, when her deep-rooted, thoroughly British sense of propriety was outraged as it had never in all Daphne's escapades been outraged before. A strange man, fairly well mannered, it is true, but shabbily clad, was to be allowed to hob-and-nob in a place of public resort with two of Madame Tolmache's young ladies!

Martha looked despairingly round, as if to see that help was nigh. They were not alone in the forest. This hill-side at the top of the rocky walk was a favorite resort. There were stalls for toys and stalls for refreshments close at hand. There were half a dozen groups of idle people enjoying themselves under the tall pines and in the shadow of the big blue-gray rocks. The mother of one estimable family had taken off her boots and was lying at full length with her stockings exposed to the libertine gaze of passers-by. Some were eating, some were sleeping. Children with cropped heads, short petticoats, and a great deal of stocking were flying gaudy-colored air-balls, and screaming at each other as only French children can scream. There was not the stillness of a dense primeval wood, the awful solitude of the Great Dismal Swamp. The place was rather like a bit of Greenwich Park or Hampstead Heath on a comparatively quiet afternoon in the middle of the week.

Miss Dibb took heart of grace, and decided that her watch and ear-rings were safe. It was only her character that was likely to suffer. Daphne was dancing about among the rocks all this time, spreading a damask napkin on a smooth slab of granite, and making the most of the dinner. Her red stockings flashed to and fro like fire-flies. She had a scarlet ribbon round her neck, and the dark serge gown was laced up the back with a scarlet cord, and with her feathery hair flying loose and glittering in the sun, she was as bright a figure as ever lit up the foreground of a forest scene.

The unknown forgot to be useful, and sat on his granite bench lazily contemplating her as she completed her preparations.

"What an idle person you are!" she exclaimed, looking up from her task. "Tumbler!"

He explored the basket, and produced the required article.

"Thanks. Corkscrew! Don't run away with the idea that you are going to have wine. The corkscrew is for our lemonade."

"You needn't put such a selfish emphasis on the possessive pronoun. I mean to have some of that lemonade."

Daphne surveyed the banquet critically, with her head on one side. It was not a stupendous meal for two hungry school-girls and an unknown pedestrian whom Daphne supposed to have been on short commons for the last week or two. There was half a wasted fowl—a fowl who in his zenith had no claim to be considered a fine specimen, and who seemed to have fallen upon evil days before he was sacrificed, so gaunt was his leg, so shrunken his wing; there were some thin slices of carmine ham, with a bread-crumby edge instead of fat. Of one thing there was abundance, and that was the staff of life. Two long brown loaves—the genuine *pain bourgeois*—suggested a homely kind of plenty. For dessert there was a basket of wood-strawberries, a thin slab of Gruyère, and some small specimens of high-art confectionery, more attractive to the eye than to the palate.

"Now, Dibb dear, grace, if you please," commanded Daphne, with a mischievous side-glance at the unknown.

That French grace of poor Martha's was a performance which always delighted Daphne, and she wanted the wayfarer to enjoy himself. The "ongs" and "dongs" were worth hearing.

Gravely the submissive Martha complied, and with solemn countenance asked a blessing on the meal.

"You can have all the fowl," said Daphne; "Martha and I like bread and cheese ever so much better."

She tore one of the big brown loaves in two, tossed one-half to Martha, and broke a great knob off the other for her own eating, attacking it ravenously with her strong white teeth.

"You are more than good," replied the stranger, with his pleasantly listless air, as if there were nothing in life worth being energetic about; "you are actually self-sacrificing. But, to tell you the honest truth, I have not the slightest appetite. I had my second breakfast at one o'clock, and I had much rather carve that elderly member of the feathered tribe for you than eat him. I wish he was better worthy of your consideration."

Daphne looked at him doubtfully, unconvinced.

"I know you're disparaging the bird out of kindness to us," she said; "you might just as well eat a good luncheon. Martha and I adore bread and cheese."

She emphasized this assertion with a stealthy frown at poor Miss Dibb, who saw her dinner thus coolly confiscated to a suspicious-looking interloper.

"You dote upon Gruyère, don't you, Martha?" she demanded.

"I like it pretty well," answered Miss Dibb, sulkily; "but I think the holes are the nicest part."

The stranger was cutting up the meagre fowl, giving the wing and breast to Daphne, the sinewy leg to Martha, who was the kind of girl to go through life getting the legs of fowls and the back seats in opera-boxes, and the worst partners at afternoon dances.

Finding the unknown inflexible, and being herself desperately hungry, Daphne ended by eating her share of the poultry, while her guest ate a few strawberries and munched a crust of bread, lying along the grass all the while, almost at her feet. It was a new experience, and the more horrified Martha looked, the more Daphne enjoyed it.

What was life to her but the present hour, with its radiant sun, and glad earth flushed with color—the scent of the pines, the hum of the bees, the delight of the butterflies flashing across the blue? Utterly innocent in her utter ignorance of evil, she saw no snare in such simple joys, she had no premonition of danger. Her worst suspicion of the stranger was that he might be poor. That was the only social crime whereof she knew. And the more convinced she felt of his poverty, the more determined she was to be civil to him.

He lay at her feet, on a carpet of fir needles, looking up at her with an admiration almost as purely artistic as that which he had felt an hour ago for a green and purple lizard which he had caught asleep on one of the rocks, and which had darted up a sheer wall of granite, swift as a sun-ray, at the light touch of his finger-tip. With a love of the beautiful almost as abstract as that which he had felt for the gracious curves and rainbow tints of the lizard, he lay and basked in the light of this school-girl's violet eyes, and watched the play of sunbeam and shadow on her golden hair. To him, too, the present hour was all in all—an hour of sunlight and perfume and balmiest atmosphere, an hour's sweet idleness, empty of thought and care.

The face he looked at was not one of those perfect faces which would bear to be transfixed in marble. It was a countenance whose chief beauty lay in color and expression—a face full of variety; now whimsically gay, now pouting, now pert; anon suddenly pensive. Infinitely bewitching in some phases, it was infinitely provoking in others; but, under all conditions, it was a face full of interest.

The complexion was brilliant, the true English red and white; no ivory-pale beauty this, with the sickly life of Gibson's painted Venus, but the creamy fairness and the vivid rose of health and youth and happiness. The eyes were of darkest gray, that deep violet which, under thick dark lashes, looks black as night. The nose was short and retroussé, nothing to boast of in noses; the mouth was a trifle wide, but the lips were of loveliest form and richest carmine, the teeth flashing beneath them absolutely perfect. Above those violet eyes arched strongly marked brows of darkest brown, contrasting curiously with the thick fringe of golden hair. Altogether the face was more original in its beauty than any which the stranger had looked upon for a long time.

"Have you any sketches to show us?" asked Daphne, when she had finished her dinner.

"No; I have not been sketching this morning; and if I had done anything, I doubt if it would have been worth looking at. You must not suppose I am a grand artist. But if you don't mind lending me your block and your color-box for half an hour, I should like to make a little sketch now."

"Cool," thought Daphne. "But calm impudence is this gentleman's leading characteristic."

She handed him block and box with an amused smile.

"Are you going to paint the valley?" she asked.

"No; I leave that for a new Turner. I am only going to try my hand at a rock with a young lady sitting on it."

"I'm sure Martha won't mind being painted," replied Daphne, with a mischievous glance at Miss Dibb, who was sitting bolt-upright on her particular block of granite, the image of stiffness and dumb disapproval. She was a thickset girl with sandy hair and freckles, not bad-looking after her homely fashion, but utterly wanting in grace.

"I couldn't think of taking such a liberty with Miss Martha," returned the stranger; "the freemasonry of art puts me at my ease with you. Would you mind sitting quiet for half an hour or so? That semi-recumbent position will do beautifully."

He sketched in rock and figure as he spoke, with a free, facile touch that showed a practiced hand.

"I'm sure you can paint beautifully," said Daphne, watching his pencil as he sat a little way off, glancing up at her every now and then.

"Wait till you see how I shall interpret your lilies and roses. I ought to be as good a colorist as Rubens or John Philip to do you justice."

She had fallen into a reposeful attitude after finishing her meal, her arms folded on the rock, her head resting on the folded arms, her eyes gazing sleepily at the sun-lit valley in front of her, one little foot pendent from the edge of the greenish-gray stone, the other tucked under her dark blue skirt, a mass of yellow tresses falling over one dark blue shoulder, and a scarlet ribbon fluttering on the other.

Martha Dibb looked more and more horrified. Could there be a lower deep than this? To sit for one's portrait to an unknown artist in a shabby coat! The man was unquestionably a vagabond, although he did not make havoc of his aspirates like poor dear papa; and Daphne was bringing disgrace on Madame Tolmache's whole establishment.

"Suppose I should meet him in Regent Street one day after I leave school, and he were to speak to me, what would mamma and Jane say?" thought Miss Dibb.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COFFEE.

"Coffee! O coffee! Faith, it is surprising,
'Mid all the poets, good and bad and worse,
Who've scribbled (Hock or Chian eulogizing)
Post and papyrus with 'immortal verse'—
Melodiously similitudinizing
In Sapphics languid or Alcaics terse—
No one, my little brown Arabian berry,
Hath sung *thy* praises—'tis surprising, very!"

Shakspeare's protest against attaching importance to a name has not had, and is not likely to have, much influence while human nature retains its usual characteristics. Purchasers of the little gray or brown bean that forms the basis of our most delicious matutinal draught will probably go on until the end of time demanding Mocha and Java coffee in spite of the well-established fact that these two places furnish a very small proportion of the coffee consumed throughout the globe, and that dealers are venal enough to sell the produce of a dozen different localities under these fascinating names. The little republic of Guatemala, wherein Mr. Frenzeny discovered the coffee grove he has reproduced so effectively in our engraving on page 556, produces large amounts of coffee annually, but under just what name they make their appearance in our markets it would be invidious to inquire. At the same time, lest we suggest to any coffee-drinker that the luxurious beverage he sips with such relish was produced from some vagrant bean hailing from a wrong quarter of the globe, let it be said at once that there is very little substantial difference in the coffee grown in different countries.

If we may believe the testimony of experts in coffee-growing, where any great difference is found to exist in coffee, it is generally the result of different modes of cultivation and preparation for the market, or what is known as curing. If we take the products of the principal coffee-growing countries, we shall find them distinguished by the following characteristics: The West India coffee is for the most part even in size, pale and yellowish, firm and heavy, with a fine aroma, losing little in weight by the roasting process. That from Brazil is larger, less solid, greenish, or white, and the marketable article is usually styled by the brokers as "low," or "low middling." Java coffee is smaller, less elongated, pale in color, deficient in aroma and essential oil, and light. Ceylon produces coffee of all descriptions, but the ordinary plantation coffees are even, deep in color, slightly canoe-shaped, strong in aroma and flavor, of considerable gravity, and admit better of adulteration than most other kinds.

The quality of coffee is mainly dependent on the soil and general cultivation, and slightly on the climate, the quantity of rain being found to exercise a material effect on the quality of the crop, and a dry climate producing a better-flavored, deeper-colored bean than the excessive moisture prevalent in some of the most highly esteemed districts both in the Eastern and Western hemispheres. It may be mentioned, in proof of these assertions, that the size and appearance of the bean have been entirely changed by improved or neglected cultivation. In one instance it was found on an estate in India that the beans were scarcely larger than sweet-peas, owing to the fact that the proprietor had adopted a theory of never pruning the trees, while on several estates in Wynaad and Ceylon that had been neglected, the trees improved both in quantity and quality of produce to an almost incredible extent on being manured and pruned. Seeds from Mocha, Brazil, and Java have been tried in Ceylon and India, and the produce has not differed in any respect from that of the plant already in existence there. A moist climate has, further, a tendency to produce weak, elongated shoots, drooping at the extremities. The foliage is apt to be thin, the leaf long but devoid of substance.

So cosmopolitan is the coffee-tree that it is difficult to find out its original home, and equally in the dark are we as to the discoverer of its uses and properties. The oft-repeated fable of the effect of the leaves first being discovered in goats which had been browsing on them would not account for the use of the roasted seed, while, unfortunately for the propagators of the tale, it is well known that no animal will eat the coffee leaf. Cattle in passing through a grove may pluck a few leaves on their way, but, fortunately for the planter, the tree itself has few enemies, and estates may be left without fence or hedge of any kind with impunity.

The mountain regions of Enarea and Caffa, situated to the south of Abyssinia, are most probably the countries where the coffee-tree was first planted by nature, as we find it not only cultivated here from time immemorial, but everywhere growing wild in the forests. Here also the art of preparing a beverage from its berries seems to have been first discovered. Arabic authors inform us that about four hundred years ago a learned mufti of Aden, having become acquainted with its virtues on a journey to the opposite shore of Africa, recommended it on his return to the dervishes of his convent as an excellent means for keeping awake during devotional exercises. The example of these holy men brought coffee into vogue, and its use, spreading from tribe to tribe and from town to town, finally reached Mecca about the end of the fifteenth century.

The fanaticism of the Turks opposed the introduction of coffee in their holy city, and in 1511 a council of theologians condemned it as being contrary to the law of Mohammed, on account of its intoxicating like wine, and sentenced the culprit who should be found indulging in his cup of coffee to be led about the town on the back of an ass. The Sultan, however, who happened to be a great lover of coffee himself, convoked a new assembly of the learned, who declared its use to be not only innocent but healthy. Thus coffee advanced rapidly from the Red Sea and the Nile to Syria, and from Asia Minor to Constantinople, where the first coffee-house was opened in 1554, and soon called forth a number of rival establishments. But here also the zealots began to murmur at the mosques being neglected for the attractions of the ungodly coffee divans, and declaimed against it from the Koran, which positively says that *coal* is not of the number of things created by God for good. Accordingly the mufti ordered the coffee-houses to be closed; but his successor declaring coffee not to be *coal*, unless when overroasted, they were allowed to reopen, and ever since the most pious Mussulman drinks his coffee without any scruple of conscience.

All accounts agree that coffee was first introduced into England from Turkey about 1650, but for many years its use was confined to the rich, and it was used as a stimulating liquor in place of wine. In 1652 the first coffee-house was opened in Newman's Court, Cornhill, London, by a Greek named Pasquet. This man was the servant of an English merchant named Edwards, who brought some coffee with him from Smyrna, and whose house, when the fact became known, was so thronged with friends and visitors to taste the new beverage that, to relieve himself from annoyance, Edwards established his servant in a coffee-house. Once tasted, coffee sprang into popular and imperishable favor, and it is curious to refer back to the opinions expressed concerning it by wits and dignitaries at different periods. "If you want to improve your understanding, drink coffee," said Sydney Smith. Sir James Mackintosh professed that he believed the difference between one man and another was produced by the quantity of coffee he drank. Pope was among confirmed coffee-drinkers, often calling up his servant in the middle of the night to prepare a cup for him. It was the custom in his day to grind and prepare it upon the table, of which practice he gives the following details in verse:

"For lo! the board with cup and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze.
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once they gratify their sense and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Coffee! which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes."

The first coffee-house in France was opened at Marseilles in 1671. The following year there were several opened in Paris. At the Café Procope, the earliest of these establishments, a curious incident occurred concerning a cup of coffee. As M. Saint-Foix was one day seated at his usual table in this café, an officer of the king's body-guard entered, sat down, and ordered a cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, adding, "It will serve me as a dinner." At this M. Saint-Foix remarked aloud "that a cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, was a confoundedly poor dinner." The officer remonstrated. Saint-Foix reiterated his remark, adding that nothing that could be said to the contrary would convince him that it was *not* a confoundedly poor dinner. Thereupon a challenge was given and accepted, and the whole company present adjourned as spectators of a fight, which ended by Saint-Foix receiving a wound in the arm. "That is all very well," said the wounded combatant, "but I call you to witness, gentlemen, that I am still profoundly convinced that a cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, is a confoundedly poor dinner." At this moment the principals were arrested, and carried before the Duc de Noailles, in whose presence Saint-Foix, without waiting to be questioned, said, "Monseigneur, I had not the slightest intention of offending the gallant officer, who I doubt not is an honorable man; but your Excellency can never prevent my asserting that a cup of coffee, with milk and a roll, is a confoundedly poor dinner."

"Why, so it is," said the duke.

"Then I am not in the wrong," persisted Saint-Foix, "and a cup of coffee—"

At these words magistrates, delinquents, and auditors burst into a roar of laughter, and the antagonists forthwith became warm friends.

With the history of our own great metropolis coffee-houses are intimately associated. Within their walls scenes have taken place influencing the fate of the nation. The earliest records show that in 1643 Martin Krigier became the owner of a plot of land on the west side of what we now call Broadway, nearly opposite the north end of the Bowling Green, and built on it "Krigier's Tavern." It soon became a popular resort with the fashionable men of the day, and was at times the head-quarters of the Dutch Governor, William Kieft. It was removed in after-years, and on its site was built the King's Arms Tavern. During the excitement previous to the Revolution it was known as Burn's Coffee-House, and was used for the meetings of merchants, and of the "Liberty Boys." On the 31st of October, 1765, the merchants engaged in the importation of goods met at Burn's Coffee-House, and adopted resolutions to import no more goods from England until the Stamp Act was repealed. Two hundred merchants signed the resolutions. During the same evening a "non-importation society" was formed in the same place, and a committee on correspondence appointed, comprising many of the well-known citizens of New York. During the Revolution the house became the head-quarters of General Gage, of the British army. Years rolled on, and in time the spot where the house stood was included in the Atlantic Gardens. In the summer of 1860 the ground was purchased by the Hudson River Railroad Company, and the old house was removed to make room for a freight dépôt.

When, in 1832, the physicians in the city urged all to abstain from drinking beer and wine, and to drink *pure* coffee, in order to avoid the epidemic of cholera that was then raging, a large and convenient coffee-house was opened by the famous *restaurateur* George Washington Browne on the first floor of what was known as the "Auction Hotel," in Water Street. The place soon became known as Browne's Coffee-House, and was a most popular dining resort for merchants. On the southeast corner of what are now Pine and William streets there stood from 1812 to 1830 the Bank Coffee-House, kept by William Niblo. Adjoining it on the rear was a garden, and the building once occupied by the Bank of New York, the first banking institution established in this city. Pine Street was then lined with the residences of popular lawyers and merchants. The houses were nearly all built of brick, with sunken areas in front. Mr. Niblo was then a young, active man, taking great pride in the reputation of his café, and soon made it famous for its suppers given by Benedicts taking leave of their bachelor friends. In 1830 the Bank Coffee-House passed into other hands, and was torn down, Niblo going to Broadway and Prince Street, where he opened the Garden that now bears his name.

The cheerful name of coffee-house lost somewhat of its significance in New York with the establishment of the more pretentious hotels, and in them the coffee-rooms were necessarily without a great many pleasant associations. Within a few years, however, a desire has been shown to establish richly appointed and well-ordered cafés, managed by *chefs* from sunny France. Those who early embarked in the business have enlarged their establishments, and new ones are constantly springing up in nearly every section of the metropolis, and especially in the more fashionable thoroughfares. As a general thing, our young New-Yorkers have not been long in adopting the Parisian idea of the convenience of a café as a pleasant place to stroll in after the opera or theatre.

To judge of the estimation in which coffee is held in the United States, it is only necessary to refer to statistics showing the average annual consumption in various countries. By these we learn that we are by far the largest coffee consumers in the world; indeed, sixfold larger than some of the states of Europe. Germany and France stand next to ourselves in the matter of coffee-drinking. If, as has been computed, there are now consumed annually a thousand million pounds of the precious bean, coffee can no longer be said to hold an insignificant place among the staples of trade. On the contrary, its importance is such that it can hardly be overestimated, if we remember to what vast multitudes of persons its cultivation, transportation, and preparation for use afford profitable means of support.

Just at present a great deal is being said about the establishment of coffee-houses available for the classes of society among which intoxicating liquors work such terrible mischief. In reality, however, these deserve better the name of "Working-men's Clubs," for they include reading and smoking rooms, and often with the restaurant combine halls where musical, literary, and other entertainments are given. That coffee can be made an acceptable substitute for wines and liquors there can be no doubt. It contains sufficient stimulating properties to restore an exhausted system without having the power to intoxicate. Even in its early days an old writer of the seventeenth century claims for the beverage this virtue when he thus quaintly descants upon its various merits: "Surely it must needs be salutiferous, because so many sagacious and the wittiest sort of nations use it so much. But besides the exsiccant quality, it tends to dry up the crudities of the stomach, as also to comfort the brain, to fortifie the sight with its steeme, and it is found already that this coffee drink has caused a greater sobriety among the nations. For whereas formerly apprentices and clerks with others used to take their morning draft in ale, beer, or wine, which by the dizziness they cause in the head make many unfit for businesse, they use now to play the good-fellowes in this wakefull and civill drink."

The opinion of this early sage seems to find plenty of confirmation. Most physicians and others familiar with the subject recommend coffee as an available substitute for wine, providing the quantity is not too excessive. "As a salutary beverage," writes Mr. Hewitt, in his admirable little work on *Coffee*, from which several of the anecdotes in this article have been drawn, "coffee has never, perhaps, been duly estimated, since it is not only a digestive drink, but it has suppressed to a great extent that excessive indulgence in inebriating draughts that so frequently dishonored the banquets and prodigal hospitalities of former times."

"Yes, the wine's a wayward child—
This the cup that "draws it mild."
Deeply drink the stream divine;
Fill the cup, but not with wine—
Potent port or fiery sherry.
For this milder cup of mine
Crush me Yemen's fragrant berry."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Just before visiting the menagerie, Johnny had a passage at arms with the young aunt who assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arrived at the menagerie, Johnny was immensely interested by a strange foreign animal with long, lithe body. "What animal is that, mamma?" he asked. "It is called an ant-eater, my son." After a long silence: "Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Mary here some day?"

Does a person become stone-blind who is petrified with astonishment?

"What do you mean by humbugging, madam?" asked an ugly barrister of an old lady he was cross-examining. "I don't know as I can exactly say, sir; but if a lady was to say to you that you're a handsome man, that would be what I'd call humbugging."

A Chinaman, who was looking at an Englishman eating tripe, said, "And yet he hates dear little mice!"

Two Vassar College girls were on their way home over the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad the other day. "Maryland!" yelled the brakeman, as the train pulled up at a station. "What did he say?" asked one of the girls. "Marry-land," replied the other. "Oh, let's get out!" exclaimed the first, with sudden interest. But they were too late; the train had started.

"The Germans are a frugal people," says an American writer, after visiting the Berlin opera-house. "As soon as the opera was over, the man in front took wads of cotton from his pocket, and stopped up his ears to save the music he had paid for."

A Western paper heads the marriage of a bachelor of fifty-seven years, "Another Old Landmark Gone."

A lady called recently at the house of a friend, and there met a gentleman who was introduced to her as a "new boarder." After he had left the room she said to her friend, "Why do you keep that odious creature around? He doesn't correspond with the rest of your furniture." Imagine her surprise when informed that he was her friend's new husband!

A bachelor uncle, to whom his niece applied for advice on the question of choosing between two suitors, one of whom was rich and the other poor—the latter, of course, being the most ardent, as the favorite lover—sententiously replied: "My dear, the question being stripped of all illusory elements, your choice simply lies between love and beef. Now love is an idea, while beef is a reality. Love you can live without, but beef you must have. Therefore make sure of your beef."

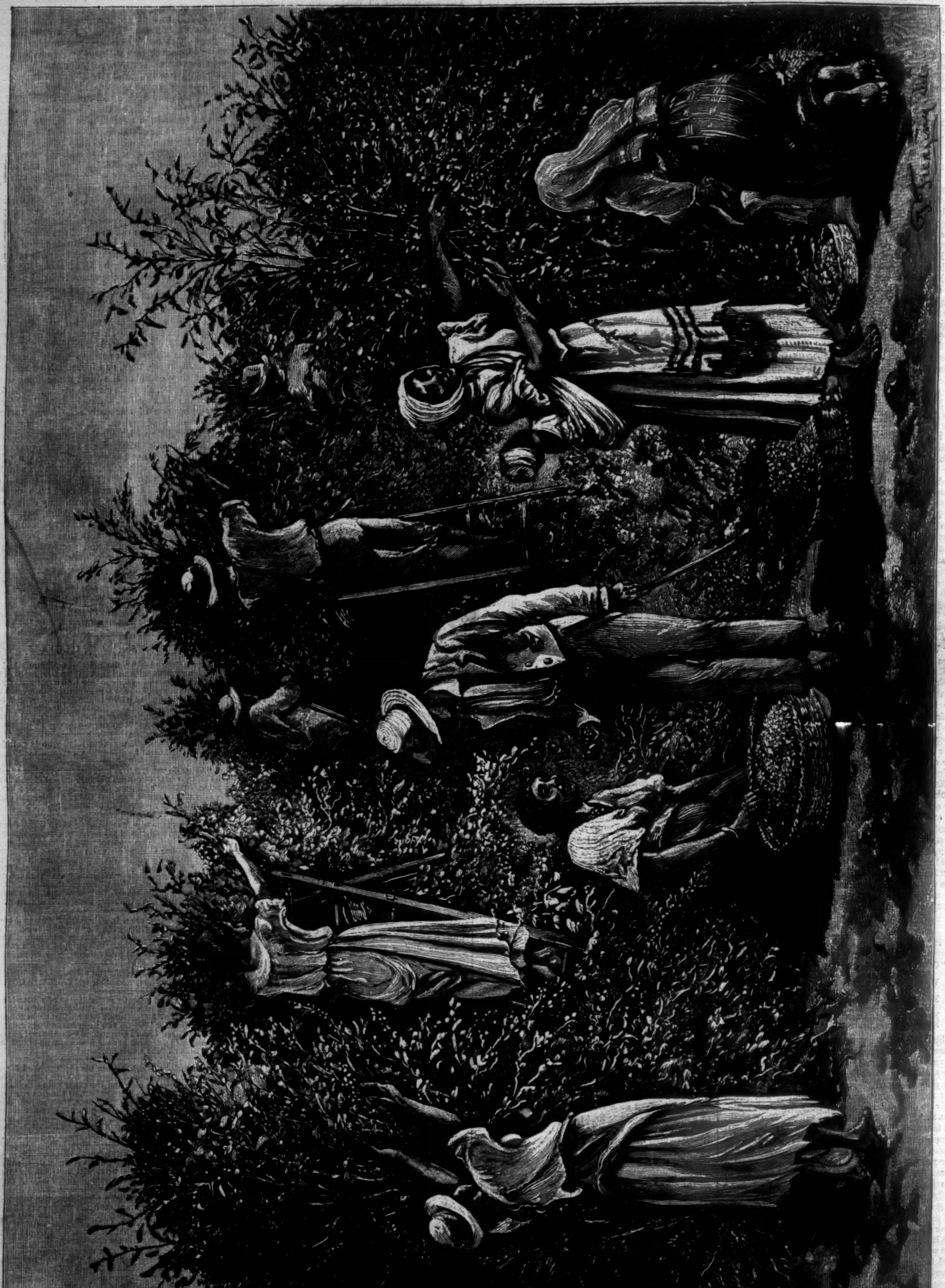
A man who was suffering from a boil on his face pettishly exclaimed, "I wish I knew the best place to have a boil!" to which his little girl responded, "Why, papa, the tea-kettle is the best place for a boil."

A speculator consulted a physician, who told him: "Your feverish life is thoroughly dangerous. If you continue it another year, at the end you will be no more of this world." "Ah!" cried the patient, "if I could only be sure, what an operation I would make! I would insure my life for a million."

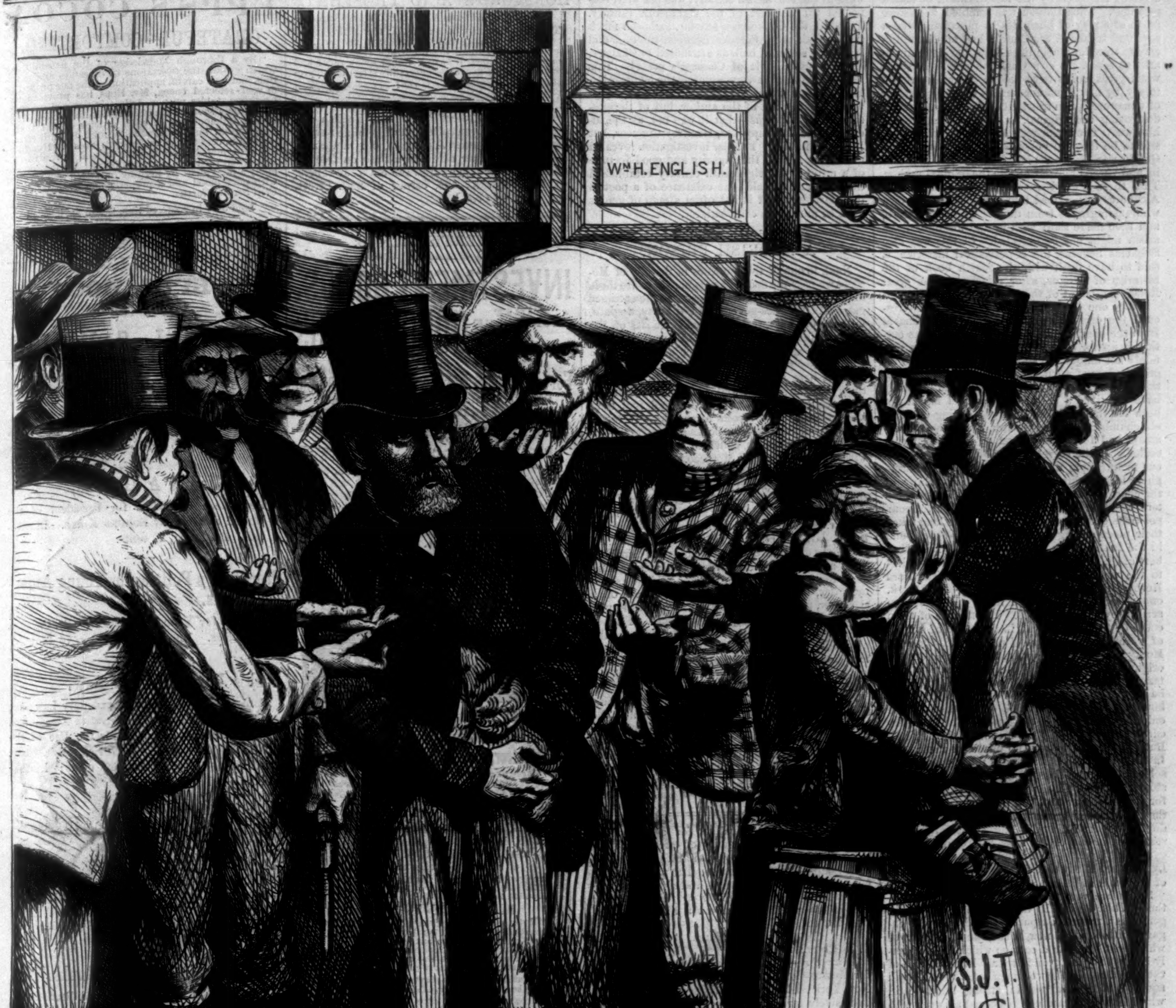
The preacher murmured, "Let us pray!"
She kneeled, as if impelled by duty,
But not a sentence did she say,
The irreligious little beauty.

Above the pew her roguish eyes
Peeped, conscious of my admiration,
And filled me with more paradise
Than any in the congregation.

I heard, with half-attentive ear,
The sermon, soporific, stupid,
And though in church, my soul, I fear,
Was prostrate at the shrine of Cupid.



PICKING COFFEE IN COSTA RICA.—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 555.]


Wm H. ENGLISH.
S.J.T.
$

Chorus of Hungry Democrats. "Come, Bill, fork over the needful. Do you think we'll work for you for nothing?"

"It is now becoming apparent that Mr. English, of Indiana, who has been so confidently looked to to open his two-million barrel for General Hancock's benefit, is a miser. An Indianian who has known him from boyhood declares that the contribution of even one hundred thousand dollars to the canvass would kill him. He can spare blood easier than money. His name is connected with no charity. Treasury clerks who served with him in the department at Washington say his chief occupation was making small loans to his associate clerks at most usurious rates of interest, and that he always insisted on his pound of flesh."—*Buffalo Express.*

FINDING LOST MANUSCRIPTS.

At the beginning of the present century it was fondly hoped that as the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii proceeded, many precious manuscripts might be discovered. Many supposed that the lost comedies of Menander, the odes of Sappho and Alcæus, or at least some relics of Roman literature, might be found imbedded in the solidified lava. The Romans, we know, often kept their manuscript treasures in chests, and if those chests chanced to be made of some metal impervious to fire, there was no reason why the most sanguine expectations should not be realized. But the hopes of scholars were destined to be disappointed: all that came to light were a few fragments of some of the later philosophers, a scrap or two of Philodemus and Epicurus, which were scarcely worth the elaborate pains necessary to unroll and decipher them. For the preservation of the celebrated digest of the Emperor Justinian we are indebted to some Pisan soldiers who came upon it amid the débris of a city which they had besieged and taken in Calabria; and the preservation of the *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus, a Christian bishop of the fourth century, is little short of miraculous. During the sack of Ofen, in 1526, a common soldier saw a manuscript lying in the streets, begrimed with dirt, and trampled under the feet of his comrades, who were intent on plundering the houses. Noticing, however, that it was richly bound, he picked it up, and conveyed it into Germany, where it was shortly afterward printed, and became one of the most popular romances of modern times. Not less singular was the rescue of the works of Agobard, a learned prelate of the ninth century, who has left some valuable details about the times in which he lived. A scholar named Masso chanced one afternoon to enter a book-binder's shop in Paris. Noticing that the man was about to cut up a mass of manuscript, he begged leave to inspect it. He soon saw its value, and saved the good bishop from oblivion.

Coming to more modern times, we must notice two other curious methods of discovery. Not many years ago Cardinal Mai, the eminent Italian scholar, had observed that behind the writing of many mediæval manuscripts there were traces of former letters. It occurred to him that as parchment was by no means abundant during the Middle Ages, it was just possible that the monks may have possessed themselves of pagan manuscripts, deliberately erased the compositions inscribed on them, and used the parchment for their own purposes. His suspicions were soon confirmed. A microscopic examination enabled him not only to discern, but even in many cases to decipher, the original letters, and thus arose some of the most interesting literary discoveries of modern days. Behind the letters of a history of the Council of Chalcedon he discovered the epistles of Fronto and some of the orations of Symmachus; and behind the letters of a commentary of St. Augustine on the Psalms, he made the glorious discovery of at least one third of the long-lost work of Cicero, the *De Republica*—a work which up till the time of Mai's discovery was only known to us by one long fragment and two or three isolated scraps. In 1817, the "Institutes" of Gaius were discovered in the same way in the Library of the Chapter at Verona, under the letters of a manuscript containing the epistles of St. Jerome. The herculean labor involved in such a task as this may be imagined. Another way by which fragments from the wreck of antiquity have been arrested has been by the identification of stolen passages. Thus Porson was enabled to restore much of a play of Euripides by perceiving that a reverend father of the Church had taken the liberty to transfer whole lines from the Attic dramatist to adorn his own Christian play. In times when great works were unique, it was, we regret to say, by no means uncommon for the possessor of a manuscript to transcribe whole passages, and destroying the original, to make them pass for his own. Thus Leonardo Aretino, believing himself to be the sole possessor of a history of the Gothic war, by Procopius, translated it into Latin, and passed himself off for the original author. Thus there is good reason to believe that Petrus Alcyonius transcribed into a treatise of his own whole paragraphs from the *De Gloria* of Cicero, and then made away with it, that his base plagiarism might not be detected. In this way also Sulpicius Severus, the ecclesiastical historian, is said to have dealt with the fourth book of the histories of Tacitus, after plundering the great Roman's account of the capture of Jerusalem.

Every one knows how Sir Robert Cotton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common tailor who was cutting it up for patterns. As this copy was certainly not unique, we should only have had to regret the loss of a curiosity. The valuable collection of the Thurloe state papers would probably have remained a secret to the world had it not been for the tumbling in of the ceiling of some old chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where those documents had for some reason or other been concealed. In the secret drawer of a chest the curious manuscripts of Dr. Dee, the occult philosopher, lurked unsuspected for years. Many of the charming letters of Lady Mary Montagu—letters which are among the most delightful compositions ever penned, and which have long taken their place among English classics—were found in the false bottom of an old trunk. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography was all but lost to the world. It was known that when Lord Herbert died there were two copies of the work, one written with his own hand, and one transcribed by an amanuensis. But neither of them could be found. At last, in the midst of a mass of worm-eaten, mouldy old papers at Lymore, in Montgomeryshire, a gentleman came upon the original copy. Several leaves had been torn out, many others had been so stained by damp as to be all but illegible. Enough could be deciphered, however, to show the value of the work. The only hope was that if the duplicate could be secured, it might supply the lacunæ of the original. But years rolled by and no duplicate turned up. In 1737 an estate belonging to the Herberts was sold. Some few books, pictures, and lumber were stored away in an attic, too worthless apparently for the purchaser to take away—and lo! among these was found the long-lost and much-desired duplicate. And thus did English literature possess itself of one of the most interesting autobiographies it can boast. Indeed, the late Lord Lytton used to say that there was no single book, of this kind at least, that he treasured so highly.

Still more romantic was the discovery of Luther's *Table Talk*. In the year 1626 a German gentleman named Casparus van Sparr was engaged in building a new house, the foundation of which was based on a cottage which had formerly belonged to his grandfather. In the course of their excavations the workmen came upon a small square parcel wrapped in strong linen cloth, which had been carefully plastered all over with beeswax. On opening and examining the parcel, a volume was discovered. And this volume was Luther's work, the only copy in existence. It had evidently been buried by Van Sparr's grandfather to escape the penalty of an edict issued by Rudolph II., at the instigation of Pope Gregory XIII., making it death for any one to possess the work. Great indeed is our debt of gratitude to this prudent old gentleman, for the loss of this book would not only have deprived us of a work which is in itself singularly interesting, but we should never have understood the character of the great reformer half so well; never have known his rich humor, his shrewd, genial spirit, his tender-heartedness; never have known what he was when surrounded by his family and his friends. A man's public life is a poor test of his private worth, and letters are a poor substitute for the records of familiar conversation.

If we are to believe an old commentator on Dante, one of the cantos of the "Paradiso" was drawn from its lurking-place (it had slipped behind a window-sill) in consequence of an intimation received in a dream; which reminds us of a similar story told by Sir Walter Scott touching some valuable family documents. An interesting prose work of Milton, the *Tractate on the Doctrines of Christianity*, was unearthed from the midst of a bundle of dispatches and state papers, by a Mr. Lemon, deputy keeper of the Rolls papers, in 1823, a discovery to which we are indebted for Macaulay's brilliant article in the *Edinburgh*. How the manuscript could have found its way into such uncongenial company remains a mystery to the present day. Mr. Masson's discovery of a poem by Milton—if it was by Milton, for the subject is still hotly disputed—was not less extraordinary. The secret history of Sir George Mackenzie had been sold for waste-paper to a grocer, but fortunately before cutting the leaves up, struck by the old handwriting, he had the curiosity to read a few pages. Satisfied that they were papers of importance, he put them in the hands of Dr. McCrie, and thus was this valuable history saved from destruction. By far the most important manuscript of Benvenuto's celebrated memoirs of himself was accidentally discovered among the refuse of a second-hand bookshop in Florence, by Signor Poirot, in 1810, and the Porson papers were picked up in the same way on a stall at Cambridge. The existence of Laurence Minot, the spirited chronicler of Edward III.'s wars, the poet laureate of the great French wars in the fourteenth century, was not even suspected till the end of the eighteenth century. Tyrwhitt, the Chaucerian scholar, had been much struck with the difference between the tone and style of a series of ballads attributed to Chaucer, and the usual style of Chaucer's poetry. This led him to examine very minutely the manuscript. He then found that the name on the manuscript was the name, not of the author, but of the possessor of the poems—that it was not, as the index-makers had supposed, Geoffrey Chaucer, but Richard Chaufer. Further investigation revealed the secret. Thus the sagacity and good fortune of a critic in the eighteenth century established the fame and revealed the existence of a poet in the fourteenth. It is not often a man of genius owes so much to a commentator.

A MOORISH PRISON.

Near to one of the mosques in the city of Morocco we pass the door of a prison; there are three in the city, and this is the largest. At the entrance gates sits the vice-governor of the city, a spare, tall, fine old man, trying causes. He sits on the bare ground, with his back to the wall, plaintiff, defendant, and witnesses crouching around him and looking pleadingly into his face. Imprisonment is here a serious affair. Moors even call their prisons horrible and foul; yet we can not conceive anything more horrible and foul than many of their own streets after rain. It seems as though all the utterly abominable parts of Oriental cities had been collected here, surrounded with a wall, and called Morocco.

What, then, must be this criminal house, filthy to a Moor? A pit, excavated from the earth to the depth of seven or eight feet, arched over with a roof supported on pillars, affording little light, less air, no food. Fetters are riveted on every leg, iron collars and chains fixed on every neck. No fastidious distinctions are made between criminals great and small. Death from pestilence or hunger is the natural course of things. While we stand by, a dry, mummy-like form is carried out on a stretcher, partly covered with a sheet, on its way to burial, said to be a dead prisoner. Friends may provide food, but the unwholesomeness of the place kills even men inured to stench. Friends, too, may redeem; for at every stage of justice money answereth all things. But before release many capricious demands have to be satisfied, from the powerful caid down to the poor policeman; and if the demands leave money behind, the released may be imprisoned again, until avarice is satisfied. A demand is made for even the loan of the fetter, collar, and chain. The city's four thousand prisoners are, for the most, defaulters in taxes. Such criminals are doggedly hunted, while the murderers may escape.

Some unprincipled dealers, for a few cents more profit, have been guilty of offering worthless substitutes for the original and genuine Sulphur Soap—Glenn's by name. The public should guard against this deception, and always ask for "Glenn's Sulphur Soap," *by its full name, and take no other.* Evidence from a highly respectable source:

Detroit, Mich., *August* 6, 1879.

C. N. Crittenton, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I have travelled for three years for Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York; I have used "Glenn's Sulphur Soap" exclusively for about four years; also have recommended it to very many persons, and all say, as well as myself, that it *deserves* its reputation as the *best* Soap for all Skin Cleansing and Toilet purposes. Unprincipled Drug-Store keepers have endeavored to substitute other kinds of Sulphur Soap for Glenn's—but, having myself tried other kinds, I find *none* are so beneficial as the *Genuine* Sulphur Soap stamped "Glenn's," which always bears the name of "C. N. Crittenton, Proprietor," on the packet.

—[*Com.*] Yours truly, C. T. Z. Durand.

HEART DISEASE.

Gentlemen,—I have been a great sufferer from diseases of the kidneys, liver, and chronic disease of the heart, accompanied by distressing pains in the back and head. So much so as to confine me to my bed; have been for years under the treatment of our best physicians. Your advertisement came to my notice, and I procured a bottle of the Constitution Water, and following your directions, I have been able to attend to business ever since, and at present I am in the enjoyment of my former health, and now use no other medicine. I assure you it gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefits I have received from the use of it, and cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with the like diseases. Very truly, Thomas Bishop,

Note Teller Nat. Bank of the Republic,

To Messrs. Morgan & Allen. New York.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

Popular sentiment fully confirms the remedial virtues claimed for Marshall's Prepared Cubeb Cigarettes in cases of Hay-Fever, Catarrh, Asthma, Throat Diseases, &c. Containing no tobacco, and being innocent in every respect, they are adapted for use by the most delicate lady or child. —[*Com.*]

For Moth Patch, Freckle, Tan, the only sure cure is Dr. B. C. Perry's *Lotion*. Dr. Perry's *Comedone* and *Pimple Remedy* (a different preparation) positively cures Pimples, Face Grubs, Blackheads. Send for circular. Brent Good & Co., 35 and 37 Park Place, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

What changed your gray hair to its natural color? Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer. Every Druggist sells it.—[*Com.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR DYSPEPSIA AND NERVOUSNESS.

The late Winslow Lewis, M.D., the distinguished physician, of Boston said: "Having in my own person experienced those ills for which the Acid Phosphate is prescribed, I, having found great relief and alleviation by its use, most cheerfully attest my appreciation of its excellence."—[*Com.*]

Many curious pieces of Antique English and Dutch Silver, a large collection of genuine Sèvres, Vienna, and Dresden Porcelain, old miniatures on Ivory, and other rare Bric-a-Brac, on free exhibition and for sale by Howard & Co., Jewellers, No. 264 Fifth Avenue, corner of 29th Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

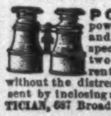
INVESTMENT BONDS.
FIRST MORTGAGE 7 PER CENT. GOLD BONDS
OF THE
Fort Madison & Northwestern Railway Co.
DATED APRIL 1, 1880, AND DUE IN 1905.
Bonds of $500 and $1,000 each.
Principal and Interest Payable in Gold in New York.
UNION TRUST CO., N. Y., TRUSTEE.

Length of road, **100** miles; whole issue of bonds, **$700,000**, being **$7,000** per mile.
Location of Road—from City of Fort Madison, Iowa, on Mississippi River, to City of Oscaloosa, Iowa.
Interest payable April 1st and October 1st.
For sale at 95 and accrued interest, with a bonus of 20 per cent. on the par value of each Bond in full paid stock of the Company.
Applications for Bonds, or for further information, Prospectus, &c., should be made to
JAMES M. DRAKE & CO., Bankers,
Drexel Building, 29 Wall St., N. Y.

KIDNEY-WORT
The Only Medicine
That Acts at the Same Time on
The Liver, the Bowels and the Kidneys.
These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect; if they become clogged, dreadful diseases are sure to follow with
TERRIBLE SUFFERING.
Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation and Piles, or Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, or Rheumatic Pains and Aches,
are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should have been expelled naturally.
KIDNEY-WORT
will restore the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer.
Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will once more gladden your heart.
Why Suffer longer from the torment of an Aching back?
Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles?
Kidney-Wort will cure you. Try a package at once and be satisfied.
It is a dry vegetable compound and
One Package makes six quarts of Medicine.
Your Druggist has it, or will get it for you. Insist upon having it. Price, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
10 (Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
FOR THE
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN
Splendidly Illustrated.
CARTOONS AND SKETCHES
BY
WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS.
The Political Situation Fully Discussed.
July 1st to November 20th,
(Nos. 1226 to 1247, inclusive),
22 WEEKS FOR $1 50.
Postage Prepaid.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.



PORTABILITY, combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OCULISTS, OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Chester, Pa.
Opens September 8th.
Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Classics, and English. Degrees conferred. Col. THEO. HYATT, President.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*,
London, Eng.

USEFUL BOOKS
FOR THE
POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

Republican or Democrat?
A Retrospect, with its Lesson for the Citizen of 1880. 32mo, Paper, 15 cents.

Life of James A. Garfield,
Republican Candidate for President of the United States. By Edmund Kirke. Illustrated. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

Nordhoff's Politics for Young Americans.
Politics for Young Americans. By Charles Nordhoff. 16mo, Half Leather, 75 cents.

Fish's Parliamentary Law.
American Manual of Parliamentary Law; or, The Common Law of Deliberative Assemblies. Systematically Arranged for the Use of the Parliamentarian and the Novice. By George T. Fish. 16mo, Cloth, 50 cents; Leather Tucks, $1 00.

Eaton's Civil Service in Great Britain.
Civil Service in Great Britain. A History of Abuses and Reforms, and their Bearing upon American Politics. By Dorman B. Eaton. With an Introduction by George William Curtis. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

Richardson's National Banks.
The National Banks. By H. W. Richardson. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

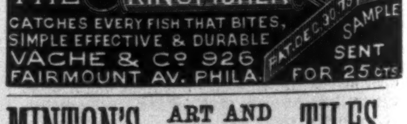
Newcomb's A B C of Finance.
The A B C of Finance; or, the Money and Labor Questions Familiarly Explained to Common People, in Short and Easy Lessons. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

Atkinson's Labor and Capital.
Labor and Capital Allies—Not Enemies. By Edward Atkinson. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

Stickney's A True Republic.
A True Republic. By Albert Stickney. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

ANGOSTURA LIQUEUR.
The finest and purest sweet Cordial in existence. Prepared by
Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons,
The manufacturers of the world-renowned
ANGOSTURA BITTERS.
J. W. HANCOX, Sole Agent, 51 Broadway, New York.



THE KINGFISHER
CATCHES EVERY FISH THAT BITES,
SIMPLE EFFECTIVE & DURABLE
VACHE & Co 926
FAIRMOUNT AV. PHILA.
PAT. DEC. 30. 79
SAMPLE SENT FOR 25 CTS

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES.
China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.
Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
604 Broadway, New York,
Sole Agents in the United States.

"Pleasant Bits of Fiction."

SUMMER READING.

DAISY MILLER. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents.

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents.

THE DIARY OF A MAN OF FIFTY AND A BUNDLE OF LETTERS. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

By Henry James, Jr.

* * * Mr. James's success is marvellous. * * * He is one of the few good novelists of America.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

BLUSH ROSES. By Clara Morse. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Anything more natural and picturesque has not been written for a long time.—*N. Y. Express.*

A SUSSEX IDYL. By Clementina Black. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

No more charming little story has appeared for many a day than "A Sussex Idyl."—*Christian Union*, N. Y.

OLD SLIP WAREHOUSE. By Mary A. Denison. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

Filled with striking situations. * * * It is also spiced with entertaining dialogue.—*Albany Press.*

LIKE UNTO LIKE. By Sherwood Bonner. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

It is the American story of the day *par excellence.*—*Boston Transcript.*

GOLDEN-ROD. An Idyl of Mount Desert. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

Cool and breezy. The very air of Bar Harbor seems to blow through its pages.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A FOREIGN MARRIAGE; or, Buying a Title. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

The interest is maintained to the very last.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE VIRGINIA BOHEMIANS. By John Esten Cooke. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A most delightful story. * * * A highly enjoyable novel and a literary work of merit.—*Boston Post.*

ESTHER PENNEFATHER. By Alice Perry. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Miss Perry has drawn a series of pictures that interest and fascinate.—*Boston Transcript.*

CAPTAIN NELSON. A Romance of Colonial Days. By Samuel Adams Drake. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Has a delightful flavor of olden times. * * * The whole story holds the interest from the first page to the last.—*Churchman*, N. Y.

THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS. A Story for Young Old Folks and Old Young Folks. By William M. Baker. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A brisk, lively story of adventure, well told and readable.—*Boston Traveller.*

COLONEL DUNWODDIE, MILLIONAIRE. A Story of To-Day. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Its pictures of Southern life since the war are admirably well done.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

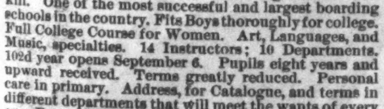
Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

BIBB'S
Celebrated Original
BALTIMORE FIRE-PLACE HEATERS
To warm upper and lower rooms.
The handsomest, most economical Coal Stoves in the world.
B. C. BIBB & SON
Foundry Office and Salesrooms,
39 and 41 Light Street,
Baltimore, Md.
Marbleized Slate Mantels.
☞ *Send for Circulars.*

CLAVERACK COLLEGE

AND HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE, at Claverack, N. Y., three miles from Hudson and eight from Catskill. One of the most successful and largest boarding schools in the country. Fits Boys thoroughly for college. Full College Course for Women. Art, Languages, and Music, specialties. 14 Instructors; 10 Departments. 102d year opens September 6. Pupils eight years and upward received. Terms greatly reduced. Personal care in primary. Address, for Catalogue, and terms in different departments that will meet the wants of every one, Rev. ALONZO FLACK, Ph.D., President.



GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Send stamp for Catalogue.
Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, sent c. o. d. for examination.

AGENTS WANTED

For **"Southern Palestine and Jerusalem."** By William M. Thomson, D.D., 45 years a missionary in Syria and Palestine. 140 Illustrations and Maps.

This work embodies all the important results of recent explorations.—*Christian at Work.*

No work of its kind is comparable to Dr. Thomson's volume.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

A complete panorama of the sacred region as it is found to-day. * * * Nothing known to modern art is left unused in the manufacture of this book.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Apply to or address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N. Y.

---

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

Copyright, 1879, Mrs. C. Thompson.

The **THOMPSON** Patent **Saratoga "WAVE"** (which took 1st Premium at the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition) made wholly of natural curly hair, is indispensable to a lady who is bald, or whose front hair is thin or will not remain in crimp in **damp or warm weather.** No crimping pins used. It is the "latest" and best, being guaranteed to wear **three times longer** than **ANY** other wave made. Out of over 5,000 sold **NOT ONE** returned as unsatisfactory. **Price $6 to $12.** Sent C. O. D. with privilege of returning. To be had **ONLY** of **MRS. C. THOMPSON,** 107 State St., Chicago. Illust'd Catalogue free.

NOVEL, BEAUTIFUL, PRACTICAL.

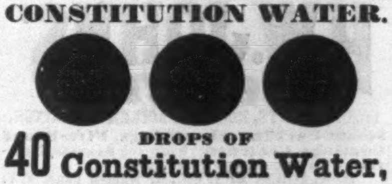
Walter's New Method of Carpeting Fine Stairways. Send for Circular, to **T. F. WALTER, Patentee,**
1227 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SEA-SHORE COTTAGE

At Atlanticville, near Long Branch, will open June 21st. It is for Working Girls and Teachers. The charge for two weeks is Nine Dollars, including the fare both ways; or, for one week, Five Dollars. Application to be made at the

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
No. 7 East 15th Street, N. Y.

CONSTITUTION WATER.



40 DROPS OF **Constitution Water,**
THREE TIMES A DAY,
CURES BRIGHT'S DISEASE, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, DIABETES, GRAVEL, BRICK-DUST DEPOSIT, CHILDHOOD WEAKNESS.
For Female Complaints a Specialty.
For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.
MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

HAY-FEVER.

A Popular Treatise on the Disease known as "Rose Cold," "June Cold," and "Autumnal Catarrh," including Accounts of Several Hundred Cases. By George M. Beard, A.M., M.D. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

The volume abounds with statistics on different branches of the subject, reports of typical cases and their treatment, and lists of remedies that have been tried with more or less success on actual sufferers. In handling the subject, Dr. Beard exhibits no less personal tact than professional knowledge, and his book, unlike many popular medical treatises, has no tendency to aggravate the symptoms of the disease by exciting the fears of the patient.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

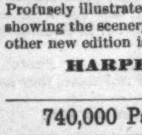
Dr. Beard has treated the subject with great thoroughness, and gives the results of his investigations in a form which will be found useful to those who may have suffered from the fever, as well as to those who may have to deal with it professionally.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Fortunately for unprofessional readers, Dr. Beard has the faculty of writing so as to be easily understood. It cannot be denied that the author has done great service to suffering humanity by his investigations.—*Christian Union*, N. Y.

Dr. Beard's methods of investigation have been the best, perhaps, that could be adopted in the circumstances. The work will be very interesting not only to physicians, but to the hundreds of persons who suffer annually from the annoying disease of which it treats.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send this work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $2 00.*



MAKE MONEY, ALL OF YOU!
Caxtonette Press, $8.00.
Caxton Press, $13.00.
COLUMBIAN PRESSES from $25 to $56; will do first-class work. All are SELF-INKING. **Presses from $3.**
CURTIS & MITCHELL, Boston, Ms.
Send Stamp for catalogue. Estab. 1847.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS.
THE LIFE OF
GEN. JAS. A. GARFIELD,

By his personal friend, MAJOR BUNDY, Editor *N. Y. Mail*, is the **only edition** to which Gen. Garfield has given personal attention or facts. Beautifully illustrated, printed, and bound. Full length steel portrait by Hall, from a picture taken expressly for this work. **Active Agents Wanted.** Liberal terms. Send **$1 00 at once** for complete outfit.
A. S. BARNES & CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED

For H. M. STANLEY'S fascinating narrative of his explorations **Through the Dark Continent,** and down the River Congo from its source to its mouth. Profusely illustrated from Sketches and Photographs, showing the scenery and people along his route. Another new edition is now ready. Apply to or address

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

740,000 Packages of Wichelman's

SNOWFLAKE CORN

Have been sold in the last year. A new and delightful food for all. No cooking necessary. Children cry for it, and in the hot weather there is nothing that can compare with Snowflake Corn. Try it. 10c. a package. For sale by all grocers. Manufactured by

SNOWFLAKE CORN WORKS,
36 and 38 River St., Chicago, Ill.

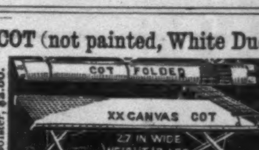
ELGIN WATCHES,
All styles, Gold, Silver and Nickel, $6 to $150. Chains, etc., sent C. O. D. to be examined. Write for Catalogue to STANDARD AMERICAN WATCH CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

---

20 *new style* Chromo Cards, *no 2 alike*, name printed, **10c.** *Samples free.* HILL & CO., Lebanon, N.H.

XX COT (not painted, White Duck), $2.

Painted Red, Brown Canvas and Fancy Bolster, $2.50.



Painted Red, Striped Canvas and Fancy Bolster, $3.00.

Makes a perfect bed. No mattress or pillows required. Better than a hammock, as it fits the body as pleasantly, and lies straight. Folded or opened instantly. Self-fastening. It is just the thing for hotels, offices, cottages, camp-meetings, sportsmen, etc. Good for the lawn, piazza, or "coolest place in the house." Splendid for invalids or children. Sent on receipt of price, or C. O. D. For **50 cts. extra,** with order, I will prepay express to any R. R. station east of Mississipi River and north of Mason and Dixon's Line. For **75 cents,** in Minn., Iowa and Mo. **HERMON W. LADD, 108 Fulton St., Boston;** 207 Canal St., New York; 165 North Second St.,

---

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.
CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.
"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT
OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

The New England Conservatory

is the oldest in the country, and the largest Music School in the world. It employs seventy-five Eminent Professors has had over **25,000 Pupils,** & enjoys a reputation unequalled for furnishing a Complete **Education** at the very lowest rates. **$15** pays for 20 lessons, with collateral advantages amounting to 125 hours musical instruction, without extra charge. Private lessons if desired. *Persons who name the paper in which this advertisement was seen will receive pamphlet free.* **E. TOURJEE,** Music Hall, Boston.

A FINISHED MUSICAL EDUCATION

Harper's European Guide-Book

FOR 1880.

By W. Pembroke Fetridge.

IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

The Volumes sold separately.

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.

Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.

Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *Either of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK: French Without a Master, German Without a Master, Italian Without a Master. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Complete in one volume. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

COLORIFIC

Colors hair a beautiful brown or black, leaving it soft and glossy. Applied in five minutes. One preparation—no lead, sulphur, or sediment.

---

48 Page Floral Autograph Album, Ill'd with Ferns, Birds, Lilies, Scrolls, &c. Covers and Edges elegantly Gilded, also 47 select Quotations, all for 15 cts., postpaid. Stamps taken. Agents wanted. G. W. Bocemsdes, West Haven, Ct.

CELLULOID EYE-GLASSES

representing the choicest selected Tortoise-Shell & Amber. The lightest, handsomest, & strongest known. Sold by Opticians and Jewellers. Made by SPENCER O. M. CO., 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year $4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year 4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, One Year 1 50

A COMBINATION OFFER.

Harper's Magazine..... Harper's Weekly....... Harper's Bazar.........	One Year..........	$10 00
Harper's Magazine..... Harper's Weekly.......	One Year..........	7 00
Harper's Magazine..... Harper's Bazar.........	One Year..........	7 00
Harper's Weekly....... Harper's Bazar.........	One Year..........	7 00

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Numbers for January, the Volumes of the *Young People* with the first Number for November, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

$350 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 75 best selling articles in the world. One sample free. J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.
POLITICAL AND LEGAL REMEDIES FOR WAR. By Sheldon Amos, M.A., Barrister-at-Law; late Professor of Jurisprudence in University College, London. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

II.
THOMAS MOORE, THE POET. His Life and Works. By Andrew James Symington, F.R.S.N.A. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

III.
REPUBLICAN OR DEMOCRAT? A Retrospect, with its Lesson for the Citizen of 1880. 32mo, Paper, 15 cents; Cloth, 30 cents.

IV.
JUDGE AND JURY. A Popular Explanation of Leading Topics in the Law of the Land. By Benjamin Vaughan Abbott. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

V.
LIFE OF JAMES A. GARFIELD, Republican Candidate for President of the United States. By Edmund Kirke. Illustrated. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

VI.
SAMUEL LOVER. A Biographical Sketch. With Selections from his Writings and Correspondence. By Andrew James Symington. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cts.

VII.
THE NATIONAL BANKS. By H. W. Richardson. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

VIII.
LIFE SKETCHES OF MACAULAY. By Charles Adams, D.D. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cts.

IX.
AMERICAN MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW; or, the Common Law of Deliberative Assemblies. Systematically arranged for the Use of the Parliamentarian and the Novice. By George T. Fish. 16mo, Cloth, 50 cents.

X.
THE CONGREGATIONALISM OF THE LAST THREE HUNDRED YEARS, as Seen in its Literature: with Special Reference to certain Recondite, Neglected, or Disputed Passages. With a Bibliographical Appendix. By Henry Martyn Dexter. Large 8vo, 1082 pages, Cloth, $6 00.

XI.
THE QUEEN. A Biographical Sketch of Queen Victoria. By Mrs. Oliphant. With 44 Illustrations. 4to, Paper, 25 cents.

XII.
A HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE. A History of Classical Greek Literature. By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin, Author of "Social Life in Greece." 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $4 00.

XIII.
DR. BUSHNELL'S LIFE. Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell. With Two Portraits. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

XIV.
BUSINESS LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME. By C. G. Herbermann. 32mo, Paper, 20 cents; Cloth, 35 cents.

XV.
GIBBON'S ROMAN EMPIRE. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon. With Notes, by Dean Milman, M. Guizot, and Dr. William Smith. From New Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels and Uncut Edges, in a box, $12 00. (Uniform with the New and Popular Library Editions of Hume, Macaulay, Motley, and Hildreth which have been recently published.)

XVI.
PHYSICAL HISTORY OF THE EARTH. Chapters from the Physical History of the Earth. By Arthur Nicols, F.G.S., F.R.G.S. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

XVII.
DR. MUHLENBERG'S LIFE. Life and Work of Dr. Muhlenberg. By Anne Ayres. With Two Portraits on Steel. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

XVIII.
A MODEL SUPERINTENDENT. A Sketch of the Life, Character, and Methods of Work of Henry P. Haven, of the International Lesson Committee. By H. Clay Trumbull, Editor of the "Sunday-School Times." With a Portrait. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Clear Shining after Rain. By C. G. Hamilton. 15 cts.

George Bailey. By Oliver Oldboy. $1 00.

My College Days. By Robert Tomes. $1 00.

Cross Purposes. By Cecilia Findlay. 10 cents.

Cape Cod and All Along Shore: Stories. By Charles Nordhoff. 15 cents.

Hypatia. By Charles Kingsley. 15 cents.

David Armstrong; or, Before the Dawn. 10 cents.

Mary Anerley. By R. D. Blackmore. $1 00. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

Miss Bouverie. By Mrs. Molesworth. 15 cents.

The Duke's Children. By Anthony Trollope. 20 cts.

Poet and Peer. By Hamilton Aïdé. 15 cents.

The Pennant Family. By Anne Beale. 15 cents.

Mrs. Austin. By Margaret Veley. 25 cents.

Reata: What's in a Name. By E. D. Gerard. 15 cts.

Clara Vaughan. By R. D. Blackmore. 15 cents.

The Virginia Bohemians. By John Esten Cooke. 75 cents.

Fellow-Townsmen. By Thomas Hardy. 20 cents.

From Generation to Generation. By Lady Augusta Noel. 15 cents.

Prince Hugo. By Maria M. Grant. 15 cents.

A Foreign Marriage; or, Buying a Title. 75 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.